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man psychology their position would seem to be embarrassing. More interesting, even, in the premises, will be the action of M. Poincaré. Hindenburg's Nationalists have been breathing defiance to France, but once in power they might compromise their patriotic ardour. It is not impossible that Herr Stinnes and the French industrialists already understand each other; if so, there need be no gun-play between friends. Both parties are aware that reparations must come from the toil and sweat of the German workers; and through a friendly arrangement they can make sure, no doubt, that Hans sweats enough to yield something substantial for both Herr Stinnes and his French co-adjudicators.

In all this uproar the German Socialist party has cut a most humiliating figure. Its leaders have so often sold their Marxian birthright for a mess of political offices that they have become mere opportunists for preferment, and their policies have long ceased to have any social meaning. Their slow reforms are being abruptly swept away by catastrophic reaction. The leaders abdicated in 1914 when they drummed the German cannon-fodder into Belgium, and they have been abdicating ever since. Their persistent cowardice and corruption have been largely responsible for the death of the labour-movement as a ponderable factor in Western Europe. The movement was a useful check on militarism and privilege, but in the successive crises its leadership faltered, and then it went under. The root of the trouble seems to lie in the passive complacency of the old-line Marxian philosophers. It was written in the Book that Socialism was inevitable, so why do anything about it? Our guess is that the downfall of the German Reich would put a final quietus on fatalistic Socialism on the Continent, including Two and Two-and-a-Half Internationals and the like. St. Karl has been crucified again by his own people, and his gospel has passed into the hands of unsentimental aliens from the East who preach it mightily and heartily but practise it with marked reservations.

CURRENT COMMENT.

COUNT ALBERT APPONYI has come over to sell us a cat in a bag, without regard to the fact that we have already a full line of these particular goods. The Count wants nothing more than a little advance of cash, which he says is to be used in the rehabilitation of Hungary's industries. Unfortunately Admiral Horthy, the regent of Hungary, has declared recently that the Magyars will reclaim their ancient heritage as soon as they are strong enough to undertake the job. When one asks Count Apponyi to discuss the prospects of the monarchist movement in his country, he replies that domestic questions can not properly be debated at this distance from the homeland. Now it seems to us that the Count has adopted a most ineffective method of procedure; his tactics are hardly calculated to arouse enthusiasm in any quarter. If he is actually seeking to restore the fortunes of the Habsburgs, as an ex-minister of Karolyi's Government says he is, he should let this fact be known, and make the most of it. There are a great many Americans who would buy bonds issued in the name of the devil himself, if they could be persuaded that the devil alone can hold the Bolshevik peril in check.

As we go to press, the German situation is still in a state of flux. Chancellor Stresemann has bolted to the right, and has made frantic efforts to anticipate a dictatorship of the powerful Stinnes-Hindenburg alliance with a "legal" dictatorship of his own. The Reichstag has given him a vote of confidence, but it remains to be seen whether he can make sufficient concessions to the rising tide of fascism to hold out against the power of Herr Stinnes's all-embracing ownership backed by Hindenburg's Black Hundreds—unless, indeed, the Chancellor surrenders to Herr Stinnes as unconditionally as he did to M. Poincaré in the Ruhr. The Communists, in the meantime, have for the past fortnight been strangely silent, save for vocal demonstrations in the Reichstag which break no proletarian chains. Perhaps the German Communist leaders got so little encouragement from the busy business-entrepreneurs at Moscow that they are disheartened. Perhaps, like Lord Curzon, they have fallen back on watchful waiting. In the event of a Stinnes-Hindenburg *coup* they might try to hold Red Saxony, but short of some miracle in Ger-

APPARENTLY the uprising in Bulgaria has been snuffed out, with no great difficulty, by the Government. The news from Sofia has been strained through a strict censorship at the source, and the dispatches agree only in their attempt to trace the revolt to Russian inspiration, and thus to exhibit the Bulgarian Government in the position of a defender of the West against Bolshevism. We are told that the insurgents were largely dependent upon Russian sources for financial support, that they were armed in part with Russian rifles of the latest model, and that the tactics they employed were obviously those of the original Bolshevik revolution. "The Third International plans to extend Sovietism to the other Balkan States, and then to sweep westward," said the Bulgarian Premier; and in a most heroic mood he added, "In spite of our weakness, we are determined to win the struggle or die in the attempt." This high-minded Prime Minister came to power, a few weeks ago, following a *coup d'état* which involved the murder of his predecessor; but like Mussolini, he is now accepted as the defender of the faith and the champion of law and order.

WHEN we say that he has been accepted as a defender of the faith, we mean it quite literally. The evidence for the assertion is that the Allied Commission of Military Control, created by the treaty of Neuilly, responded to the news of the revolt by suspending the limitations which the treaty places upon the size of the Bulgarian army, and by giving the fascist Government of Bulgaria full permission "to increase the military forces of the country to such a strength as is deemed necessary to cope with the situation in the interior." There is an intimation in this action of the attitude which the Powers may take if the Germans lift a hand against their own miserable Government; but in Bulgaria, as in Germany, there is the additional possibility, if not the certainty, that foreign intervention will be resorted to if ever the Government seems likely to go under. In relation to Bulgaria, Jugoslavia holds the place that France now holds in relation to Germany; and the first reports of the Bulgarian uprising, emanating from Belgrade, were exactly of a kind to prepare the way for intervention. Twenty thousand people had been killed and the Communists had been completely successful, or so the dispatches said; and the inference naturally to be drawn by anyone was that the Jugoslavs should go in and clean up the country. According to the statement of the Bulgarian Prime Minister, the number of foreign troops concentrated at the Bulgarian frontier amounted to about two and one half times the strength of the Bulgarian army. The prospect that the Bulgarian revolutionists would have things their own way if they once got rid of the existing Government was not, therefore, a good one.

We would be much more interested in the recurring reports of Ambassador Harvey's resignation if there were any reasonable likelihood that a better person would succeed him. Mr. Harvey owed his appointment to the fact that he was a newspaper-man who had opposed Mr. Wilson and supported Mr. Harding. If he possessed any other qualification for holding an American diplomatic post, it was not revealed when he was appointed, and has not appeared since. As a representative of the United States abroad he has been a joke. His successor will almost certainly be another prominent editor or press-magnate, or a business-man financially able to stand the expense. Under the circumstances, therefore, it does not seem to make any particular difference whether the Colonel stays or goes, since the quality of our diplomatic representation at Westminster is not likely to change in either case. Sometime, perhaps, the United States will begin to realize that diplomacy, notwithstanding its faults, demands something special in the way of knowledge, training and intellectual ability; but there is no perceptible progress in that direction as yet.

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY at the Court of St. James has always been regarded as the most important diplomatic post in the gift of the Administration, and for a good many years it was reserved by preference for writers, or for other persons of intellectual distinction. As far as trade is concerned, or the interests of such common culture as results from a common speech, the claim of superior importance still holds. Politically, however, it may well be questioned whether the rank of the British mission has not materially changed. For most European affairs, France is now a much more influential Power than Great Britain, and an ambassadorial career at Berlin to-day calls for intellectual and moral qualities of the highest order. The growing independence of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, too, makes it less and less possible to deal definitively with the affairs of those parts of the British Empire from Westminster; any diplomatic

business that has to be transacted with either of them being now very likely to be dealt with directly through Dominion representatives. One lesson from all this would seem to be that an American ambassador to-day ought at least to be able to speak French and to know something about the Continent and its history. It would be interesting to know how many of our diplomatic representatives abroad could meet either of these elementary requirements.

THE scientists who recently dug up a nest of dinosaur's eggs in China probably stared at one another with a wild surprise; and we have no doubt that the inhabitants of Constantinople did the like, the other day, when the British flag was hauled down and General Harrington and his army sailed away into the Mediterranean. Dinosaurs' eggs are a rare sight, but it is almost equally rare to see the ensign of St. George withdrawn when once it has been planted on a bit of pilfered territory. The population viewed the departure of the representatives of the higher civilization without any ostentatious regret; in fact they seemed to be inspired with a spontaneous enthusiasm over the event.

AFTER the war got under way, the British and French Governments concluded a secret pact with the Tsar whereby, in return for certain reciprocal stipulations on his part, they guaranteed him Constantinople, in the event that the cause of democracy and self-determination emerged triumphant over the powers of darkness. Unfortunately they were not in a position to guarantee Russia itself to the Little Father, and when the tumult and the shouting died he had vanished from the landscape. It is not recorded that Mr. Lloyd George shed any tears over this lamentable situation. With the forethought of a true British statesman and real-estater, he shifted an adequate force of bayonets to the neighbourhood of the Golden Horn, and thus, four years ago, the "Allied" occupation was begun. The Turks, however, are a slow-witted people, and they could not be convinced that the war was over. In lieu of a better instructor, Mr. Lloyd George sent M. Venizelos into Asia Minor to persuade them. After they had pitched the Greek armies back into the Mediterranean, they came pressing against the Straits and intimated that it was time for the British soldiers to go home. After a period of diplomatic bluster at Lausanne their demands were granted. So the Turk is back in Europe, apparently with a firmer seat than those occupied by most of the Christian Governments. He is in a position to observe with cynical amusement the Sick Men of the West.

SENATOR MAGNUS JOHNSON remarked the other day that everybody was trying to fix things up so that the farmers could borrow more money, whereas what the farmers really wanted was a chance to make a little. In a less graceful phrase of similar portent, Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture tells us it is not credits so much as fair prices—that is, markets—that the farmer most needs. These bits of comment might properly have been addressed to the President himself, for his recent actions make it apparent that he is in need of good advice. According to an announcement made at the White House, the wheat-growers are to have governmental assistance in the development of co-operative marketing, and, if necessary, in the financing of the export-trade. Co-operation is all very well, but it can not make good the actual inability of the market to absorb the product, and no more can any scheme of public credit suffice to build up an export-trade with nations against which a tariff-wall has been erected.

As producers of food-stuffs and consumers of manufactures, in a country which exports the one and imports the other, the farmers are very badly served by the protective system. They can not buy abroad, as they naturally would—though of course indirectly; and they can not sell abroad, for the very reason that the potential purchasers of their goods can not send back their own manufactures in exchange. With all the talk of helping the farmer on the one hand and the countries of Europe on the other, the Government's best efforts, its only really effective efforts, are devoted to preventing the parties from helping themselves and each other by the normal exchange of a surplus of food-stuffs for a surplus of manufactured articles.

UNDER the circumstances, the public financing of the grain-export is simply a piece of political faking, an attempt to feed out as bait for the rural voters a small part of what has been withheld from them for the benefit of the manufacturers. Contemporaneously with the announcement of the President's intention to help the farmers, there was released for publication a message addressed by him to the Western Tariff Association, in support of the protective system. In this message, the President expressed the belief that chaotic conditions following the war had brought the country nearer to national solidarity on the issue of protection; and yet it seems to us that there has already been more than one intimation of a decline in the popularity of Mr. Coolidge's party. The Republicans have been unusually assiduous in the business of taking a lot and giving back a little, and the people generally will soon have the opportunity to say how they like the results.

IT is reported that Lord Rothermere and his associates have purchased or are about to purchase the Hulton group of some forty British periodicals, including several important daily newspapers. Inasmuch as the Rothermere combination already includes more than a hundred periodicals, the acquisitions would make it, in point of bulk, the predominant agency for the dissemination of culture and current information among the people of a country that directs the destinies of one-fourth of the inhabitants of this earth. Under the circumstances the mental quality of Lord Rothermere, who guides this huge publicity-machine, is of the greatest importance. Suffice it to say that on no occasion has he displayed an illumination such as would make him a notable asset even in a troglodytic society. The intellectual pabulum with which he feeds the British public in enormous daily quantities is of an exceedingly low caloric grade, and the increasing numbers of the people who are dependent upon him for such sustenance would seem to be doomed to a condition of permanent mental anaemia.

THIS dismal situation is more important, it seems to us, than the character and affiliations of the men who may happen to sit in No. 10 Downing Street. A people may on occasion rise superior to their Government, but they can scarcely rise above their sources of information and interpretation, which make and unmake Governments. In the servile modern State the press is the opium of the people; though there seems no likelihood that this adage will presently be displayed conspicuously for the instruction of the passers-by in Fleet Street and the Strand.

THE reports of Lord Rothermere's new purchases appeared about the time of the announcement that the London *Daily Herald*, the organ of British labour, which has apparently been suffering a lingering death, had received some additional subsidies from the trade-unions sufficient to keep it alive until the end of the year. In view of the stalwart proportions of the British Labour party, whose

philosophy the *Herald* is supposed to represent, the plight of the newspaper seems at first glance almost incredible. However, people do not buy a newspaper in order to substantiate or achieve a social philosophy; and while the *Herald* attracted a considerable circulation, it did not carry far enough in this direction. In addition, the fact that it stood, implicitly at least, for even a decorous transformation of the social order, repelled those flourishing advertisers whose very ability to pay extravagantly for criers of their wares and services makes them hostile to any economic change whatsoever. In these circumstances the *Herald* seemed to vacillate between extreme timidity and the boldness of despair, and of late it has sunk into a colourless lassitude and betrays the dullness of habitual starvation.

THE NEW YORK *Leader*, the new labour daily risen from the ashes of the *Call*, will face disabilities similar to those that have all but smashed its cousin the London *Herald*, and it will have no such well-knit labour clientele to appeal to. Yet, if we are to judge by the first few issues, it will put up a brave fight for existence, and we wish it well, for it represents a point of view that receives short shrift in the rest of the metropolitan newspaper field. We confess, however, that its slogan "Towards a Free Press," coupled with the legend "Not a Millionaire's Property—300,000 Organized Workers Own This Paper," awakens no particular thrill in our bosom. We have observed the orthodox American labour-movement with dispassionate curiosity, and have seen nothing to indicate that labour-unions are less subject to ignorance, prejudice and narrow-mindedness than millionaires. It may be suspected that the editors of the *Leader* will find that, in the long run, they are hardly more free, operating under the auspices of certain labour-organizations, than they would be as hirelings of such capitalist masters as, let us say, Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst. However, in the course of their services, they should have a rare opportunity to insinuate some light into very dark places, and if they can in some measure illuminate the labour brethren, they will render a great service to the unorganized bulk of the population.

SOME time or other, when our readers are in need of amusement, let them introduce the name of Mussolini in some respectable gathering, and observe the result. We ourselves have tried the experiment several times, and we are convinced that well-to-do, college-bred, book-reading Americans, the kind who keep the *Atlantic Monthly* always in a conspicuous place on the living-room table, have been led, somehow or other, to attach themselves almost unanimously to the great Italian roughneck. It is true that our friends are a bit disappointed at Mussolini's ungenerous treatment of Greece, but, even so, they hold him to be the saviour of Italy. Obviously, Mussolini represents every political, moral and cultural crudity that these good people are supposed to hold in horror, and yet they like him and excuse him and praise him to heaven. The incongruity must have its explanation; the bonds of interest are somewhere to be discovered, perhaps in the region of the trousers-pocket.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

AN INTERESTING POSSIBILITY.

THE BRITISH IMPERIAL CONFERENCE, which has just gotten under way in London, at once took on an aspect of interest which we freely admit we did not look for. Previous sessions of this body have dealt so largely with matters of mere politics that we had come to assume that the habit was incurable, and that little more was to be expected. This session, however, got promptly down to the brass tacks of industry and commerce; and hence its deliberations are worth following not only by subjects of the British Empire but by the world at large, and by Americans in particular. Possibly, even quite probably, no policy will come out of them that is likely to affect American interests unfavourably; we ourselves are looking for none; but at the same time, such a policy could be framed at this juncture, and while one may not go so far as to expect it, ordinary prudence would at least reckon with the chance.

British industry and commerce are in a bad way, owing to disturbances in the Continental markets, and they seem unlikely to get any better, because the disturbances do not cease; and the Imperial Conference undertook at once to see what could be done about it. A considerable section of British opinion, and some colonial opinion as well, is in favour of letting the Continental markets go to pot, and making reciprocal economic arrangements between the mother-country and the colonies whereby the lost trade could be made up for and a good profit be had all round. By a system of preferences, that is, England and her dependencies, dominions and colonies would all trade together and tend to become fused into a self-sustaining economic unit.

Now the mischief of it is that this thing can be done; and if it were done, it would give the rest of the trading nations, and our own in particular, something pretty serious to think of. We all regard the British Empire as a ramshackle affair, and on its last legs; and so, indeed, unless some such move as this is made, it is. It has become weak and shaky through the increasing divergence of economic interests, and most probably that divergence will not be checked and the Empire will drop apart. This is by no means a safe wager for other trading nations to put their money on, however, because if the Empire agreed to go on a basis of absolute internal free trade, there is no doubt in the world that it would revive as briskly as a politician from a "diplomatic illness" or a sick schoolboy at one-fifteen in the morning. Not only would it revive, but it would also shortly make things very lively for any nation that ventured to compete with it in any market on the face of the earth. Those who are inclined to doubt this may perhaps not be quite aware of what the resources of the Empire are. We can not take space here for statistics, but if any doubting reader will look into them for himself, we think that he will find them sufficiently impressive and that he will wonder, as we do, what the effect would be on the industry and commerce of the United States if those resources were co-ordinated under a policy of absolute free trade. It is this consideration that throws a halo of gravity about the proceedings of the Imperial Conference.

But nothing of the kind will happen. Yes, a hundred to one, and even a thousand to one, it will not. But the possibility is there, and one has always to remember, too, that it is quite largely in the hands of Englishmen. "Properly speaking," said Goethe, "the

Englishman is devoid of intelligence"; and, properly speaking, he is. Nevertheless, the Englishman, if you give him time enough and are willing to let him follow the routine to which he is accustomed, will usually manage, without quite knowing why or how, to devise some pretty competent plan for preserving his interests. If this matter were wholly in the hands of Englishmen, we might well be more anxious than we now need to be—as anxious as the English farmers were in Sir Robert Peel's day, and for the same reason. The effective obstacle to such a policy lies in the colonies, or rather the small minority in each which is most influential in colonial politics. This minority is myopic, as it is in the United States; it follows seeming good for real; it considers first and foremost what it thinks to be its own interest, unaware that its real and permanent interest lies with that of the majority. In the British colonies, as here, the tariff is "a local issue." Hence it is that persons like Mr. Winston Churchill, who advocate turning away from the Continental market and toward the colonies, make the mistake of regarding the colonies only as co-operators; whereas they are, in so far as this influential minority can make them so, potential competitors. These minorities will almost certainly carry the day to the immediate detriment of England and the Empire, and in the long run to their own; for it is in the nature of politics that they should prevail. Mr. Mackenzie King, for example, is an able man; probably he is well aware that a policy of Imperial free trade would be the best thing possible for Canada; but how could he come home from London to Ottawa with the draft of such a policy in his pocket, and face the Canadian Manufacturers Association?

The thing, nevertheless, has been done before, notably when the American States abandoned their right to impose tariffs and began the creation of the enormous free-trade area known as the United States; and, naturally, thoughtful persons are led to speculate, at this juncture in Great Britain's affairs, upon the results that would accrue to the formation of a free-trade area of the size of the British Empire, especially in view of the geographical distribution of its component parts. The United States, moreover, being a high-tariff country, any approximation to a policy of Imperial free trade that may be outlined at the present conference in London, is a matter of special interest to Americans and should be observed with care.

THE "IRISH STATESMAN."

THE news, in an international sense, is so preoccupied with the antics of political jumping-jacks, that changes and events of cultural importance are commonly crowded out. Such inconsequential matters as the Irish elections and the Free State's reception into the League of Nations have been faithfully recorded in our press, but a recent Irish happening of real significance has received no attention. We refer to the announcement that, after a notable career of twenty years, the *Irish Homestead* is to appear, enlarged in form and scope, under the name of the *Irish Statesman*, though still under the editorship of Mr. George W. Russell ("Æ").

When we call this significant news, we speak advisedly. The *Homestead* has been a weekly journal of enlightenment which any country might be proud to claim. As the organ of the co-operative movement in Irish agriculture, its field was in some measure prescribed; but because its editor had the gift of touching the common facts of life with a magic wand of wisdom and kindness and humour, the cheaply

printed pages were a source of rare wisdom and refreshment. In the larger periodical Mr. Russell will have the co-operation of the finest pens of Ireland—and that means a brilliant array indeed. No English weekly can match a co-operative editorial list including such names as W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, James Stephens, Padraig Colum, Mrs. J. R. Green and Lady Gregory. Under the circumstances, Mr. Russell's announcement that the new periodical aims "to foster not only the economic, but the cultural and intellectual life of Ireland," seems modest indeed.

As we looked over the last few issues of the *Homestead* we realized how richly that paper had fulfilled Mr. Russell's claim for the new medium. The election-campaign was frothing throughout Ireland, and we noted with what an unerring sense of the realities of life the poet-editor of the *Homestead* reacted to it.

Five hundred would-be deputies [he wrote] will be trying to make their voices heard at meetings, and 500,000 people will be crying assent or dissent from this on to the day of voting; and in the midst of all this clamour the merely reasonable voice has as much chance of being heard as a whisper while an Atlantic gale is blowing. . . . We took a bundle of about twenty country papers which report at greater length than the daily papers can the speeches made locally by candidates. . . . They [the candidates] were all Jack Dempseys in the art of belabouring the opposition, but they were mere infants when it came to telling precisely what they themselves stood for; and we are afraid we shall have a considerable body of deputies who will get into the Dail first and do their thinking afterwards. . . . The majority of orators had a long, weak family of words to bring up, and a very insufficient income of ideas on which to support them.

We had precisely such a campaign in this country a year ago, we shall enjoy another next year; and the passage gives a true picture of a parliamentary election anywhere. The Irish Government, after the current European fashion, has been living far beyond its income, so many of the candidates found it expedient to put themselves on record for economy; and when pressed for specifications a number of them allowed that the educational appropriations might be cut down, for your true statesman is generally mighty sceptical of wasting on such superfluous matters considerable sums of money which might better go to swell the political pork-barrel. The *Homestead* is professedly a non-political organ, but its editor took occasion to strip away the pretensions of economic pretenders of this type. In Holland and Denmark, he pointed out, well-planned and costly educational systems had been instrumental in building up a high grade of civilization and prosperity, despite the handicap of a poor soil.

The agricultural labourers in Denmark [he wrote] are highly educated in comparison with our well-to-do farmers. There are few who have not studied in the famous high-schools. We have nothing to equal this widely diffused culture and technical competence in Ireland, and yet, ignorant boozhooins rise up at meetings and try to win votes by talking about economizing in education. These men are trying to choke the Irish genius in its infancy, so that none of our hopes may ever be fulfilled, so that the ignorance and dirt which in the past gave us a bad repute among the nations and which came because of no fault of ours, may be continued of our own free will.

In any event, concludes this shrewd observer of the political scene, any constructive activity in the Dail is likely to be brought to a stalemate through the squabbles of contending blocs. Under these circumstances, he urges that Irish producers take advantage of a clause in the Constitution which makes possible the creation of a second chamber directly representative of the economic life of the country. The Constitution

permits the organization of vocational councils, and "such councils when formed may nominate the Minister of the Department created to serve the interests of the class which elected the council." This scheme, somewhat vaguely set forth in the Constitution, was obviously suggested by the Russian Soviet idea. As far as we know, nothing has yet been done towards calling the vocational councils into being. The politicians, naturally, would be disinclined to set up a representative body over which, in the nature of things, they could scarcely hope to exercise control. "If the system was worked out as intended," remarks the editor of the *Homestead*, "we would have two kinds of representative assembly, one the Daily, dealing only with general interests, and the second type, the vocational councils, dealing with special interests, where the members judge somewhat as experts." This direct representative instrument, already provided for under the charter, the editor wisely recommends as a way out from political ineptitude and blockade. If the creative life of the nation does not take some such step to safeguard itself, he foresees that in the course of the next decade his countrymen may "be looking out for an Irish Mussolini to clean up the mess of democracy."

These few excerpts give an indication of how far the little *Homestead* threw its beams. They encourage us to look forward to its successor with the happiest of anticipations.

PAGAN TO CHRISTIAN.

In all brotherly kindness and sincerity we wish to bring to the attention of the Protestant churches of this country an admonition laid down by the patron saint of Protestantism, St. Paul; an admonition which the Protestant churches seem to be disregarding, to their own disadvantage and to the greater disadvantage of religion. Perhaps the churches think lightly of this admonition because it is not original with the Apostle or even with Christianity, but with paganism, so-called; it is quoted by St. Paul from the Greek poet and dramatist Menander. The usual reason for quotation, however, is that the writer finds his idea more effectively expressed than he can express it; or, at least, so effectively expressed that the writer feels that the reader should have the benefit of it in that form. This appears to have been the case with St. Paul. Menander's precept has a sound idea, and it expresses that idea so well that even an inspired writer could hardly hope to do better; therefore St. Paul quotes it. The precept is that *evil communications corrupt good manners*.

We are led to consider this precept by certain reports that we have been reading lately concerning the relation of the Protestant churches to prohibition. We read that the Federal Council of Churches and the New York Federation of Churches, which represent about all the denominations of Protestantism, have called on all the Protestant clergy to rally to the aid of prohibition-enforcement. Again, William Anderson, superintendent of the New York State branch of the Anti-Saloon League, speaks of himself as "the executive officer of the agency of 5,000 Protestant churches." We wish to ask American Protestantism whether it has ever made an independent investigation in order to assure itself of the kind of company it is keeping, and whether it can quite afford to keep such company. If it has not investigated, we suggest with all respect and in all good faith that it do so at once.

The churches would do well to ascertain, first, who are their most influential allies in maintaining the cause

of prohibition, and what the impelling motives and interests of these allies are. We think—and we earnestly hope the churches will not take our word in the premises, or Mr. Anderson's, but will investigate impartially on their own hook—we think they will find that these allies are about as disreputable a species as can be found in the world. We suspect they will find that an enormous army of rum-runners, bootleggers, illicit manufacturers, dive-keepers, illicit-saloon keepers, revenue-officers, constables, police-officers and special agents are prohibitionists after their own heart, spending most of their leisure in hoping and praying (or its equivalent) that prohibition may never cease and that the bad old times may never come again. We suggest that the churches ascertain approximately how many of these persons have a vested interest in prohibition, and what that vested interest yields them annually in hard cash. Let them estimate the volume of business done by these people, and decide whether or not the legal abolition of the liquor-traffic has amounted to anything more than a mere redistribution of profits; and, if not, whether that redistribution has been attended by enough general moral benefit to be worth while. Finally, let the churches assess the influence which these people exercise in maintaining prohibition and compare it with their own. We suspect they will discover that prohibition as a vested interest carries a great many more guns for self-protection than it carries as a moral issue.

We venture to believe that there is not one Protestant clergyman in five hundred who has material for a respectable opinion on any of the foregoing questions; and we think that in view of the open and notorious facts of the country's experience under prohibition, the churches owe it to themselves to scratch that material together in complete independence of any interested agency on either side. If they find, as we believe they will find, that they have been acting as window-dressing for the nefarious and depraving activities of a crew of disreputable scamps, it is likely that they will review the whole question of prohibition and revise their attitude towards it. The churches felt strongly the debasing abuses of alcohol; well, we imagine that no decent person could feel otherwise. They believed, honestly enough, that prohibition was the right way with these abuses; and prohibition came in. Now, after five years trial, prohibition seems to call loudly for a candid examination. If these abuses have not been appreciably abated; if prohibition itself has been but the shift of a vested interest into the hands of irresponsible scoundrels; if the churches by an unobserving, unreasoning support of prohibition have been gulled into playing the game of these scoundrels; then the churches have a first-rate opportunity to right themselves by propounding another method that will abate abuses, that will not promptly take on the character of a vested interest, and that will dissociate them immediately from their abominable allies. This is no counsel of perfection, but such methods have been brought into operation elsewhere, methods that do no violence to the churches themselves, and they are thoroughly capable of adaptation here.

There is not a Christian ideal of decency, temperance and moderation which we do not share to the full with the Protestant churches. But after rather careful contemplation of the country's experience under five years of prohibition, we could easily believe that Menander, and St. Paul after him, was holding American Protestantism in a prophetic view when he laid down his warning that *evil communications corrupt good manners.*

THE NEW DANCING.

We rarely feel like commenting editorially upon a signed article which appears in our own columns, partly because such an article, if worthy of publication at all, may fairly be expected to stand on its own merits and carry its own conviction to the reader, and partly because the liberty of opinion which this paper gladly concedes to all who write for it ought especially to be protected against editorial intrusion. The article on Mary Wigman and her dancing, however, which appears elsewhere in this issue, opens a subject of such novel interest that we venture to call particular attention to it. Music we know, interpretative dancing we know; but what is to be thought of dancing which, emancipating itself from musical accompaniment on the one hand and spurning the interpretation of music on the other, seeks to embody in the dance itself the essential elements of harmony, counterpoint, shading and form which have thus far been regarded as belonging to music alone? This is the question which Dr. Pringsheim undertakes to answer in his account of Miss Wigman and her work.

One need not go so far as to accept all that Dr. Pringsheim has to say about the origin of music, or the relation of music to movement, in order to grasp the far-reaching significance of Miss Wigman's work. Dr. Pringsheim writes with enthusiasm, as he is entitled to do, and we ourselves venture to demur to some of his assertions. What he brings out very clearly, however, is the remarkable success which Miss Wigman has achieved in transforming the dance into a means of expression, a language if you please, with as definite a rhythmical and tonal content as music itself has long exhibited. This is a new thing in art, a step of whose possible development the Berlin audiences whom Miss Wigman has won have perhaps seen only the beginning. The whole thing is a challenge to those who have seen in the dance thus far only a rhythmical supplement to music or acting, and a challenge to those to whom movement alone, as a means of expressing ideas or emotions, is an unknown domain. Evidently we are being invited to master an unaccustomed method of artistic speech.

Yet the novelty of the thing, as novelty, appears less sheer when we remember how the arts have all along expanded mightily in method and reach. Out of the old Greek modes, still preserved for us in part in the liturgical music of the Roman Church, were early developed the diatonic and chromatic scales, harmony and counterpoint, none of them more than remotely reminiscent of their Greek beginnings. Upon this classical basis German and French composers have for two generations been imposing a new harmony, new structural forms, and a marvellous wealth of orchestral colouring, all embodying wide departures from classical models. The opera in Wagner's hands became the music-drama, Liszt developed the symphonic poem, and Russian, Polish and Hungarian musicians taught the Western world new rhythms long regarded as bizarre. Cubist and futurist painters have worked upon new principles whose development is still in process, poets have ventured boldly out of rhyme and metre into free verse, and prose-writers have constructed forms of phrase for whose analysis the grammar and rhetoric of the schools no longer serve. It is only logical, therefore, that we should now have the language of the dance. It is gratifying to know that Miss Wigman and her company will before long be seen in this country, and we are glad to have this opportunity of welcoming them in advance.

MISCELLANY.

SEEING somewhere recently the name of Stambulsky made me record another on the list of meteoric personalities that have appeared and disappeared in the last ten years. When the lessons of the period are finally learned and digested, one of them, I think, is bound to be that of the unstable and undesirable character of fame. There have been more messiahs and Napoleons on the market since 1914 than the world ever saw before; and where are they now? The "bubble reputation" was always a bubble, but for one reason or another it used to last longer. There is a certain irony in the fact that the only statesmen who have managed to hold out are the ones whose downfall was declared on all sides to be a matter of hours. Lenin has been for some time the dean of European premiers, and it looks as if he might manage somehow to rub along indefinitely.

MESSIAHS and Napoleons galore!—yet what a conception of human life they had, and what a conception of it one sees in their journalists, historians and biographers! With all his faults, how much sounder is the conception of life that one hears in the voice of poor Villon, rising out of the slums of Paris, or in the song which Mr. Stedman puts into the mouth of Sir John Falstaff—a song which I think perhaps may be unknown to many, so I venture to quote it here:

Where's he who died o' Sabbath-day?
God wot I'd not be he,
For the best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint who died o' Sabbath-day,
With his grave's turf yet to grow,
Is as dead as the sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

Where's he who died o' yesterday?
What better chance hath he
To clink the can and toss the pot
When this night's junkets be?
For he who died o' yesterday
Is just as dead, yo-ho!
As the whoreson knave men laid away
Ten thousand years ago.

THE Londoners are now paying honour to the memory of Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," who died five hundred years ago. It appears that the classic story of his poverty and his cat is devoid of foundation; the researches of historians are said to show that he was well-to-do and that he never owned a cat. Science rubs its hands cheerfully, I suppose, over the banishment of another illusion, on its genial assumption that human beings should not believe anything that is not scientifically true. I was never able to support this assumption, and while I would not go so far as to call it immoral, I do not believe that it represents any real moral obligation. Scientific truth is not the only mode of truth in the world, and exclusive allegiance to scientific truth is an abounding source of error.

THERE is poetic truth, for example, and there is religious truth. Professor Huxley professed himself unable to understand how Faraday "could be a great natural philosopher with one side of his being, and a Sandemanian with the other"; and here he spoke as one who recognizes and pays allegiance to only one form or mode of truth. Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, in the midst of the bitter controversy that raged over the doctrine of inspiration, half a century ago, had the penetration to remark that one who believed all sorts of scientific errors about the Bible but who knew how to enjoy the Bible

deeply—one, that is, whose spirit was open to its poetic and religious truth—was nearer the truth about the Bible than one who could pick it all to pieces but could not enjoy it.

To my mind, the point seems to be that the scientific truth of Whittington's legend, or of the Bible, counts for precious little one way or the other, and that one's allegiance to poetic truth in the one case and to poetic and religious truth in the other may quite safely disregard any pretension that science may make to any kind of jurisdiction in the premises. I believe that recognition of this simple principle would have obviated most of the wretched misunderstandings that have divided Protestant Christianity; that recognition of it even now would do more than anything to reunite and reconcile these divisions. What are the contentions that to-day are setting the fundamentalists and liberals, or latitudinarians, or whatever they are called, against one another—what are they but science? Truth about the parentage and birth of Jesus, for instance, is not religious truth but scientific truth—well, let science attend to it. Protestantism will have a long way to go to catch up with the observation of Arnold, fifty years ago, that "there is truth of science and truth of religion; and truth of science does not become truth of religion until it is made religious. Let us have all the science there is from the men of science; and from the men of religion let us have religion."

BY an easy association, my mind is led along to consider the statements of Professor van Dyke and others, about the palming off of bogus Rembrandts and other old masters upon museums and wealthy amateurs. Here, too, scientific truth seems in danger of assuming an undue predominance. From the commercial point of view it has undoubtedly great importance. From all other points of view, however, there can be little importance in the scientific truth about a picture which, if not a Rembrandt, is so much like a Rembrandt that no one can say beyond peradventure whether it is a Rembrandt or not. I am reminded of the great controversy over the composite authorship of the Homeric poems. I think that I never underestimated the importance of scientific truth in this matter, but I always ventured to believe that the interests of poetic truth were paramount, and that the poetic truth of the *Odyssey*, for example, remained unimpaired whether the poem were put together by one author or by eighteen. What difference does it make to the poetic and religious truth of the book of *Isaiah*, whether it were all composed by the same man, or whether the latter part of it were written, as some one wittily said, "by another man of the same name"?

IN Russia, in the latter days of the Tsar, a military gentleman, to whose lot had fallen the post of dramatic censor, put a ban on dramatic criticism, on the ground that since the theatres were the property of the State, the managers and performers were officers of the Government, and as such were above reproach. In England recently the Birmingham Repertory Theatre announced that it would attempt performances of Mr. Shaw's monumental "Back to Methuselah," whereupon the Lord Chamberlain, who acts as censor of plays, descended upon the management with a stern admonition to the effect that if the actors who played the rôles of Lubin and Joyce Burge made themselves up to resemble respectively Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, the performance would have to be suppressed as a menace to public order and decency.

THIS is not the first time that the disorderliness and indecency of Mr. Shaw have offended the Lord Chamberlain. I believe one of the writer's earlier dramatic tracts,

"Mrs. Warren's Profession," is still barred from production in England. The Lord Chamberlain's strictures on "Methuselah" seem particularly inept. In Lubin and Burge, Mr. Shaw did not caricature the two objects of the Lord Chamberlain's solicitude, and indeed he was under no necessity to do so. His portraits were rendered with an almost photographic fidelity. It is true that he took the liberty of confronting both gentlemen with a revelation of startling significance for the human race, and their sole interest in the matter, naturally, was to make it provide a campaign slogan. I can think of no first class statesman whose reactions, in such a case, would be greatly different, and had Mr. Shaw imbued his thinly-disguised Asquith and Lloyd George with a different psychology, he would have been guilty of perpetrating a sham.

It is difficult to understand the Lord Chamberlain's aversion to a realistic presentation of these two discredited politicians, unless he censors on the theory that even rejected statesmen are sacred articles of furniture. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are now public figures only in a minor sense, and I can think of no miracle that is likely to restore either to high office. Their political goings-on meet with an increasing inattention. Mr. Asquith's book on the war has recently appeared in England, and I gather from the notices that if Mr. Wilson was ignorant of the secret treaties in 1918, Mr. Asquith remains largely oblivious to them in 1923. Even friendly critics have been reduced to praising his book, in the phrase of one of our American columnists, with faint damns. Mr. Lloyd George, before his departure for America, was trotting about his native Wales behind brass bands, crying valiantly for "a just peace, an honourable peace" and inveighing against "frothy orators"; but even the dullest-witted of British editors knows that the peace, such as it is, was principally of Mr. Lloyd George's own making, and surely every Briton with a sense of human dignity is aware that Mr. George could obliterate the frothiest of all frothy orators by removing himself from the public forum. The more one observes this precious pair, the more unlikely it seems that Mr. Shaw in his sharpest satirical moment could do them injustice.

We try to keep advertising out of our weekly reflections, but we can not help calling the attention of college students and their friends in or near New York to the supplementary facilities for higher education which are offered by the Ambassador hotel in this city. The Italian garden of this palatial establishment, "New York's rendezvous of fashion," we learn from an announcement in the *Herald*, "is now open for afternoon-tea and dancing." "The favourite retreat of New York's younger set—where collegians foregather to while away the witching hours 'twixt afternoon and evening," in an "atmosphere" that has "that refined, restful charm": this is the offering for those whose mornings and nights are beclouded with intellectual tasks. Prices, we assume, may be learned upon application or by experience; the advertisement contains no vulgar hints. We have long had a suspicion that college life in this country was not all that it should be, but it had not occurred to us that opportunities for playing the snob in first-class fashion were lacking. Perhaps the sophomores who have been asked to pledge themselves not to "take part in any noisy or riotous actions or demonstrations in the streets or other public grounds of the city of New Haven, nor commit any offence against the peace or prosperity of its citizens," may surrender their liberty with less regret now that a real Italian garden, with atmosphere and fixin's, is only two hours away.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE REVIVAL OF PURITANISM.

DURING the war, the holders of power in all countries found it necessary to bribe the populations into co-operation by unusual concessions. Wage-earners were allowed a living wage; Hindus were told that they were men and brothers; women were given the vote; and young people were allowed to enjoy those innocent pleasures of which the old, in the name of morality, always wish to rob them. The war being won, the victors set to work to deprive their tools of the advantages temporarily conceded. Wage-earners were worsted by the issue of the coal-strike in 1921; Hindus have been put in their place by the Kenya decision; women, though they could not be deprived of the vote, have been ousted from posts when they married, in spite of an Act of Parliament saying that this should not be done. All these issues are "political"; that is to say, there are organized bodies of voters representing the interests of the classes concerned in England, and organized bodies of resisters in India. But no organized body represents the point of view of those who believe that a man or woman ought to be free in regard to enjoyments which do not injure other people, so that the puritans have met with no serious opposition, and their tyranny has not been regarded as raising a political issue.

We may define a puritan as a man who holds that certain kinds of acts, even if they have no visibly bad effects upon others than the agent, are inherently sinful, and, being sinful, ought to be prevented by whatever means is most effectual—the criminal law if possible, and, if not that, then public opinion backed by economic pressure. This view is of respectable antiquity; indeed, it was probably responsible for the origin of criminal law. But originally it was reconciled with a utilitarian basis of legislation by the belief that certain crimes roused the anger of the gods against communities which tolerated them, and were therefore socially harmful. This point of view is embodied in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. Those who believe this story can justify, on utilitarian grounds, the existing laws against the crimes which led to the destruction of those cities. But nowadays even puritans seldom adopt this point of view. Not even the Bishop of London has suggested that the earthquake in Tokio was due to any peculiar wickedness of its inhabitants. The laws in question can, therefore, only be justified by the theory of vindictive punishment, which holds that certain sins, though they may not injure anyone except the sinner, are so heinous as to make it our duty to inflict pain upon the delinquent. This point of view, under the influence of Benthamism, lost its hold during the nineteenth century. But in recent years, with the general decay of liberalism, it has regained lost ground, and has begun to threaten a new tyranny as oppressive as any which existed in the Middle Ages.

It is from America that the new movement derives most of its force; it is one consequence of the fact that America was the sole victor in the war. The career of puritanism has been curious. It held brief power in England in the seventeenth century, but so disgusted the mass of ordinary citizens that they have never again allowed it to control the Government. The Puritans, persecuted in England, colonized New England, and subsequently the Middle West. The American Civil War was a continuation of the English Civil War, the Southern States having been mainly colonized by opponents of the Puritans. But unlike the English Civil War, it led to a permanent victory of the Puritan party. The result is that the greatest Power in the

world is controlled by men who inherit the outlook of Cromwell's Ironsides.

It would be unfair to point out the drawbacks of puritanism without acknowledging its services to mankind. In England, in the seventeenth century and until modern times, it has stood for democracy against royal and aristocratic tyranny. In America, it stood for emancipation of the slaves, and did much to make America the champion of democracy throughout the world. These are great services to mankind, but they belong to the past. The problem of the present is not so much political democracy as the combination of order with liberty for minorities. This problem requires a different outlook from that of puritanism; it requires tolerance and breadth of sympathy rather than moral fervour. Breadth of sympathy has never been a strong point with the puritans.

I will not say anything about the most noteworthy victory of puritanism, namely, prohibition in America. In any case, opponents of prohibition can not well make their opposition a matter of principle, since most of them would favour the prohibition of cocaine, which raises exactly the same questions of principle.

The practical objection to puritanism, as to every form of fanaticism, is that it singles out certain evils as so much worse than others that they must be suppressed at all costs. The fanatic fails to recognize that the suppression of a real evil, if carried out too drastically, produces other evils which are even greater. We may illustrate by the law against obscene publications. No one denies that pleasure in obscenity is base, or that those who minister to it do harm. But when the law steps in to suppress it, much that is highly desirable is suppressed at the same time. A few years ago, certain pictures by an eminent Dutch artist were sent through the post to an English purchaser. The post-office officials, after enjoying a thorough inspection of them, concluded that they were obscene. (Appreciation of artistic merit is not expected of civil servants.) They therefore destroyed them, and the purchaser had no redress. The law gives power to the post office to destroy anything sent through the post that the officials consider obscene, and from their decision there is no appeal.

A more important example of the evils resulting from puritanic legislation arises in connexion with birth-control. It is obvious that "obscenity" is not a term capable of exact legal definition; in the practice of the courts, it means "anything that shocks the magistrate." Now an average magistrate is not shocked by information about birth-control if it is given in an expensive book which uses long words and roundabout phrases, but is shocked if it is given in a cheap pamphlet using plain language that uneducated people can understand. Consequently, it is at present illegal in England to give information on birth-control to wage-earners, though it is legal to give it to educated people. Yet it is wage-earners above all to whom the information is important. It should be noted that the law takes no account whatever of the purpose of a publication, except in a few recognized cases such as medical textbooks. The sole question to be considered is: If this publication fell into the hands of a nasty-minded boy, could it give him pleasure? If so, it must be destroyed, whatever the social importance of the information it contains. The harm done by the enforced ignorance which results is incalculable. Destitution, chronic illness among women, the birth of diseased children, overpopulation and war are regarded by our puritanic law-givers as smaller evils than the hypothetical pleasure of a few foolish boys.

The law as it exists is thought to be not sufficiently drastic. Under the auspices of the League of Nations, a recent International Conference on Obscene Publications, as reported in the *Times* of 17 September, recommended a stiffening of the law in the United States and in all the countries belonging to the League of Nations. (Has Mussolini been reading obscene publications?) The British delegate was apparently the most zealous in this good work.

Another matter which has been made the basis of far-reaching legislation is the white-slave traffic. The real evil here is very grave, and is quite a proper matter for the criminal law. The real evil is that ignorant young women are enticed by false promises into a condition of semi-slavery in which their health is exposed to the gravest dangers. It is essentially a labour-question, to be dealt with on the lines of the Factory Acts and the Truck Acts. But it has been made the excuse for gross interference with personal liberty in cases where the peculiar evils of the white-slave traffic are entirely absent. Some years ago, a case was reported in the English papers in which a man had fallen in love with a prostitute and married her. After they had lived together happily for some time, she decided to go back to her old profession. There was no evidence that he suggested her doing so, or in any way approved of her action, but he did not at once quarrel with her and turn her out of doors. For this crime he was flogged and thrown into prison. He suffered this punishment under a law which was then recent, and which is still on the statute-book.

In America, while one who keeps a mistress is not ordinarily interfered with, it is illegal to travel with her from one State to another; a New Yorker may take his mistress to Brooklyn but not to Jersey City. The difference of moral turpitude between these two actions is not obvious to the plain man.

On this matter, also, the League of Nations is endeavouring to secure more severe legislation. Some time ago, the Canadian delegate on the League of Nations Commission suggested that no woman, however old, should be allowed to travel on a steamer unless accompanied by her husband or by one of her parents. This proposal was not adopted, but it illustrates the direction in which we are moving. It is of course obvious that such measures turn all women into "white slaves"; women can not have any freedom without a risk that some will use it for purposes of "immorality." The only logical goal of these reformers is the purdah.

There is another more general argument against the puritanic outlook. Human nature being what it is, people will insist upon getting some pleasures out of life. For rough practical purposes, pleasures may be divided into those that have their primary basis in the senses, and those that are mainly of the mind. The traditional moralist praises the latter at the expense of the former; or rather, he tolerates the latter because he does not recognize them as pleasures. His classification is, of course, not scientifically defensible; and in many cases he is himself in doubt. Do the pleasures of art belong to the senses or to the mind? If he is really stern, he will condemn art *in toto*, like Plato and the Fathers; if he is more or less latitudinarian, he will tolerate art if it has a "spiritual purpose," which generally means that it is bad art. This is Tolstoy's view. Marriage is another difficult case. The stricter moralists regard it as regrettable; the less strict praise it on the ground that it is generally unpleasant, especially when they succeed in making it indissoluble.

This, however, is not my point. My point is that

the pleasures which remain possible after the puritan has done his utmost are more harmful than those that he condemns. Next to enjoying ourselves, the greatest of pleasures consists in preventing others from enjoying themselves, or, more generally, in the acquisition of power. Consequently those who live under the dominion of puritanism become exceedingly desirous of power. Now love of power does far more harm than love of drink or any of the other vices against which puritans protest. Of course, in virtuous people love of power camouflages itself as love of doing good; but this makes very little difference to its social effects. It merely means that we punish our victims for being wicked, instead of for being our enemies. In either case, tyranny and war result. Moral indignation is one of the most harmful forces in the modern world; the more so as it can always be diverted to sinister uses by those who control propaganda.

Economic and political organization has inevitably increased with the growth of industrialism, and is bound to increase still further unless industrialism collapses. The earth becomes more crowded, and our dependence upon our neighbours becomes more intimate. Under these circumstances, life can not remain tolerable unless we learn to let each other alone in all matters that are not of immediate and obvious concern to the community. We must learn to respect each other's privacy, and not to impose our moral standards upon each other. The puritan imagines that his moral standard is *the* moral standard; he does not realize that other ages and other countries, and even other groups in his own country, have moral standards different from his, to which they have as good a right as he has to his. Unfortunately, the love of power which is the natural outcome of puritanic self-denial makes the puritan more executive than other people, and makes it difficult for others to resist him. Let us hope that a broader education and a wider knowledge of mankind may gradually weaken the ardour of our too virtuous masters.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

MARE NOSTRUM.

"The paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free."

THE captains and the kings have departed from Corfu, with 50 million lire in their pockets, and peace seems to have descended upon the somnolent little island that has known a baker's dozen of masters in the past thousand years.

The one city of the Ionian Isles, Kerkyra (the Greek name), is as Italian in aspect to-day, at the end of four centuries of Venetian rule, as it was in 1797. The *fortezza vecchia* on its rocky heights, the narrow streets, the picturesque piazzas, the arcades—one searches instinctively but in vain for canals, which one looks for around each corner. The crimson sails of the fishing smacks in the tiny harbour, and their barefooted, swarthy sailors recall Santa Maria della Salute.

But the crest of Corfu is Greek—modern Greek: dusty hills, sown with gnarled, ancient olive trees; tall cypresses grouped about rare wells; tumble-down monasteries—Myrtiotissa, Palaeokastritsa, Platyterra, where John Capo d' Istria, first President of free Greece, lies buried; parched, poverty-stricken farms; and peasant girls striding along the roads with a freedom of body that the island women somehow managed to retain, but which their mainland sisters lost, with the last vestiges of classic Greek beauty, during five centuries of Turkish rule. Even the cafés are

Greek, with their cane-seated, comfortless chairs, their hideous iron tables, their glasses of tepid water and tiny cups of sticky Turkish coffee, and black-moustached former, or prospective, New York bootblacks sitting in the drowsy semi-obscurity of the hot afternoon, talking politics, always politics.

There is an inn at Gastouri that tells the story of Corfu. Its sign reads: "Restaurant et Bierhalle Bella Vista." It is kept by a Greek.

Less obtrusive than the relics of Italian influence or the evidences of Greek possession, there is still about Corfu a sort of atmosphere that has nothing in common with either of these. It is none the less the clue to the seemingly inexplicable failure of Mussolini's recent *coup de main* in the Ionian Isles. Strangely exotic, yet spread over the island from the broad, well-built roads to the barracks in the *fortezza vecchia*, the veneer of Georgian English is as omnipresent, in its official predominance, as the very olive groves. It dates from the days when Sir Frederick Adam, whose effigy in bronze fronts the palace, ruled over the docile Corfiotes, and Great Britain held the island as key to the Adriatic, as she still holds Gibraltar, key to the Mediterranean. Sir Thomas Maitland's temple, like a bandstand in a dusty, treeless parade-ground; Sir Howard Douglas's obelisk, as appropriate as those in Central Park and the Place de la Concorde; the villa of Mon Repos—all are as British as Trafalgar Square. There is an element here which Mussolini overlooked when he seized Corfu; an element as reactionary as *fascismo* and far less variable. It is the British navy.

For, as better men than Mussolini have learned, the British navy is often a law unto itself—a sort of corps of janizaries acting in its own interest regardless of political fluctuations in the City of Westminster. Its realm is the high seas, and the redoubts that buttress that realm are such places as Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Sokotra, Singapore, the Falkland Islands, Trinidad, Jamaica and Alderney; places in themselves neither interesting nor profitable, save for one purpose. They are lightly held, for the most part, quite as though their possession were of no vital significance; nor, indeed, is it. What is vital, however, is that no other Power shall possess them; the blunder of Heligoland is not to be repeated.

It was therefore with lynx-like eye that that part of the British navy which operated out of Taranto during the late war, in more or less contemptuous co-operation with the Italian fleet, observed a growing tendency among the Italian makers of maps for Italian home-consumption to inscribe across them in large letters, from Trieste to the Strait of Otranto, the magic words: *Mare Nostrum*. Patriotic British naval officers found it difficult to stomach such a boast in anyone, least of all in their Italian allies, whom they regarded as the maritime counterparts of a Portugal by land. With the Greeks, however, it was another matter; the Greek navy is British-trained. Moreover, the Ionian Isles, British for half a century, had only become Greek through the magnanimity of Great Britain, when Prince William of Denmark, brother of the then newly married Princess of Wales, was made king of Greece to replace a German. So far as the British navy was concerned—and from Gibraltar to Port Said, it is the British navy that counts—if the gates of the Adriatic were to be kept by any nation other than Britain, that nation should be Greece.

Allied Diplomacy in 1915, however, was based on the principle of *sauve qui peut*. The influence of the navy in British politics was materially lessened by the

scattering of its best units to the four corners of the earth; politicians played the game in Whitehall, and led from panic rather than from strength. Those were the happy days when Bulgaria was being offered parts of Greece and Greece parts of Bulgaria, simultaneously, as the price of their respective entries into hostilities. It was not, therefore, so astonishing as one might suppose that, at the secret conference of St. Jean de Maurienne, Italy in her turn should be offered part of the claims of Greece in North Epirus and the Dodekanese Islands, which had resulted from Constantine's victories in the Balkan wars.

Thus, at all events, it was written in the bond of the Pact of London, Article VI. Italy was to receive as her blood-money Valona Bay, the best port on the Epirote coast, and Saseno Island, only thirty-five miles across the Strait of Otranto from the Italian mainland, together with "a territory sufficiently extensive to safeguard them in a military way"—from the Voyusa river to the district about Greek Khimara. But of this the world at large knew nothing; and the Greeks in particular, into whose territory the pact cut a slice where no Italian dwelt and where Italy's sole interest was frankly imperialistic, were supposed to stop their ears to the whisper of suspicion and accept Italy's co-operation with the Allies as a bit of altruism, comparable to England's philanthropic defence of "little Belgium."

So, at least, ran the Allied propaganda in Greece when, in 1916, Italy's co-operation had not brought the immediate victory that had been hoped, and Greece was sought as another victim to be fed to the Moloch of war. But the Greeks, political realists since Homer's days, would have none of it. "My only condition for entering the war," Constantine told the British Minister, "is a guarantee of the integrity of Greece, including Epirus and the Aegean Islands." The continued neutrality of Greece was due, not to German propaganda, but to the inability of the Allies, with the Pact of London in mind, to give that guarantee.

From the Italian point of view, therefore, it was clear enough that Italian dominance of the mouth of the Adriatic was intended. First, in February, 1914, the Greeks had been ordered out of North Epirus to which Italy aspired, and granted due compensation in the Dodekanese Islands that Italy then held; second, Italy was formally pledged a second Gibraltar at Saseno Island and a naval base at Valona by the Pact of London; and, third, when Greece demanded a guarantee of her integrity which, if given, would have limited Italy's field of operations on the Epirote coast, she was curtly refused. What else could patriotic Italians think but that by some miracle the world had come at last to see Italy as the Italians saw her, and was prepared to do her homage?

The British, however, were not prepared to do any such thing. Allied diplomacy in the Mediterranean had, so far, been under French guidance; and the French, even as far back as 1915, had ideas of their own regarding the rôle that France was to play in Europe after the final victory had been won. The officers of the British Mediterranean fleet watched with disquietude the leadership in naval matters which the French increasingly assumed in the Mediterranean as the war continued, discerning in it a struggle for supremacy between Great Britain on the one hand and a Franco-Italian combination on the other, in which the British route to India and the control of Egypt were seriously menaced. It is this that constitutes the true significance of the Corfu incident; not the triumph or the failure of the League of Nations, or even the possession of Corfu.

Mussolini's occupation of the island was not the first event of its kind, nor was it an isolated, unpremeditated act. On 27 December, 1915, the French seized Corfu and landed both naval and military forces, in direct violation of the Treaty of 1864, by which Great Britain had relinquished its hold on the Ionian Isles. The treaty reads: "No armed force, naval or military, shall ever be assembled or stationed on the territory or in the waters of these islands. The High Contracting Parties bind themselves to respect the principle of neutrality stipulated by this Article." Here was a serious business; for if the Treaty of 1864 were not binding upon France, a signatory Power, how should it bind Italy which had not signed?

It thus became highly essential that Great Britain should secure for itself a counterpoise to the Italian ally of France in Mediterranean waters. There was but one choice—Greece. M. Venizelos was brought forward as a great figure at the peace-conference, and an embarrassment of compensations was heaped upon Greece for indifferent aid to the Allied cause. The public assumed that this was due to the genius of M. Venizelos, undoubtedly an astute and unscrupulous politician; but Mr. Lloyd George was not entirely a moron, nor were those experts of the British navy who saw in a greater Greece a division of power in the Mediterranean that would permit an unchallenged Britannia still to rule the waves.

It was this potent influence that launched Greece on its adventure at Smyrna, and reversed the decision of the Powers regarding the disposition of North Epirus. By the Paris agreement, North Epirus was awarded to Greece and the Dodekanese to Italy—even the latter merely nominally, since by the Tittoni-Venizelos agreement Greece also was to receive them. By 3 August, 1920, Italy had been forced to return Valona to Albania, securing in exchange only Saseno Island as her Gibraltar—a mere rock in the water, two and a half miles long, with steep sides, no anchorage, and an ugly north-east current.

Not unnaturally, the Italians were far from pleased with this outcome. To France, also, any interference with her plans in the Mediterranean held a far-reaching significance; for the French hegemony in Europe depends upon the ability of France to put a large number of colonial troops wherever she may want them, and colonial troops must be brought by sea over routes covered by British guns. So the very war upon which Mr. Lloyd George had launched his Greek protégés became a means, to the French and the Italians, of checking the British plan. Both Powers assiduously supplied arms, ammunition and funds to the Turks, and waited for events to take their course.

The collapse of the Greek adventure in Asia Minor played admirably into the hands of these conspirators for the control of the Mediterranean. Italy, meanwhile, plotting with the Albanians, had made the Greek tenure of North Epirus problematical. When Greece emerged from its imperialistic dream, defeated, bankrupt, discredited, the course of the Franco-Italian combination was only too clear. Nothing but a formula was required to enable Italy to secure its Mare Nostrum, by following the precedent set by France in 1915. Japan had supplied the formula by its seizure of northern Sakhalin as a guarantee of compensation for the lives of certain Japanese subjects who had died with their boots on in a good cause.

Albania is a wild country in which a murder or two may be readily managed. Italy, having already secretly agreed to oppose the Greek dominion in North Epirus which the Paris agreement sanctioned, could count

upon the ablest assistance which the Albanian mountaineers could offer in the way of direct action. Providentially enough, just at the psychological moment, the Italian officers were murdered and Mussolini seized the opportunity. *Mare Nostrum! Evviva!*

To understand, one must go back to the statue of Sir Frederick Adam and the obelisk of Sir Howard Douglas and the British barracks in the *fortezza vecchia* of Corfu—to all those evidences of British rule in the Ionian Isles which play their silent part in the drama. The moment for subtle diplomacy, for combinations and tergiversations, had passed. The only question was: to whom do the Mediterranean and the Adriatic belong? The British navy, ignoring the League of Nations, might be heard replying:

Signor Mussolini! Let us look for a moment at the map of the world. These little spots, picked out in red—Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Sokotra, Singapore, and the rest—what do you suppose they are? The freedom of the seas is Britain's business, not an Italian prerogative. The 50 million lire? That ought to cover the expenses of a regrettable error of judgment. But let there be no more misconceptions as to *Mare Nostrum*. There is but one *Mare Nostrum* in the world—and it is not Italian.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

RACINE.

IV.

IN France the classical theatre has persisted with so few changes that you feel actors and scenery and even the audience to have survived from an age more heroic and slightly ridiculous. When somebody taps a little bell three times, when the curtain rises on a velvet hanging and four pillars, when a young man in a white peplum reaches out his arms to a young man in a purple peplum, surely your first instinct is to laugh. Who designed these pillars, so painfully Corinthian, so shaky that the least touch makes them hesitate on their crazy pedestals? Who copied these two androgynes from a vase? Listen! they are reciting verses; their posture announces a splendid phrase; eyes are raised toward the fourth gallery and arms drape forward. What archaeological interest stifles your guffaw? Somebody applauds instead. The play continues.

As it proceeds you suddenly discover yourself to be taking an interest in these people. You have known them a long time, and thoroughly. They have created their own background in your mind: a background not physical but emotional, being composed of passions and memories. They are people living so near that you could almost touch them, and yet there is more than the wall of the footlights holding you back; there is a sort of glass before your eyes that magnifies their actions into heroisms. To place them three thousand years in the past was a purely mechanical device with little more than a mechanical value. Racine went further: he made the action depend on their personal memories to the extent that it is really not Andromaque or Pyrrhus who is chief actor in his tragedy, but the buried Achilles and the dead unburied Hector. Before your eyes he is creating a poetry of distance. The first act ends with scattering applause.

The play continues, suggesting definitions which you can frame only a long time afterwards. The characters of Racine have the dignity of cats. They purr in alexandrines till passion or terror startles them; suddenly they hiss, claw, scream, forsaking their social dignity for a dignity of another kind, which is that of natural forces in action. The action is hidden from your eyes; words are the symbol of it and acquire

tremendous meanings; you have the feeling that every speech is the pressing of an electric button which produces upheavals and catastrophes. The characters are only the foci of their passions. The stage itself is a focus. Love and death are events without dignity, but Racine invests them with an importance so terrible that you feel tears to be a vulgar tribute. He has made language the instrument of death. "Who told you?" asks Hermione, and Oreste goes mad, first thanking the gods for bearing him to the absolute summit of human misfortunes. And Hermione herself, dead, sacrificed where the corpse of Pyrrhus lies. Or is it Phèdre that fails of a slow poison, under our stare, to a music out of the past or from undersea?

It is difficult to analyse the impression that persists after a tragedy by Racine, especially because it has always been outside my powers to decide whether a given emotion was moral or æsthetic. I admire the facility with which the disciples of Croce settle such questions, but in the case of Racine æsthetics and morality are mingled to such a degree that it requires nothing less than a Crocean act of faith to disentangle them. Racine himself made no such attempt. In the preface to "Phèdre" he explains how the least faults of his characters are severely punished, and how the mere thought of crime is regarded with as much horror as crime itself; he might be writing a pageant for Holy Week; and yet, in the preface to "Bérénice," where he gives a general definition of his art, he mentions only the "beauty of the sentiments," as if he disregarded their moral value. One has a choice of interpretations. However, even Croce might be surprised to find that it is the tragedies written with a definite moral purpose which are most satisfying from the standpoint of pure æsthetics. Can a pure æsthetic exist? To deny that literature has moral significance leaves the conception of morality intact, but it subtructs an important element from literature.

As a matter of fact, the Racinian tragedy, for all its plastic value, is moral to a supreme degree. It is moral for reasons which neither Croce nor Racine himself has mentioned: because it reasserts, in the face of doubts which assail us constantly, the importance of man's destiny, the reality of his passions, the dignity of the human animal. We are apt to lose interest in these qualities. Our actions have no more meaning than is conferred on them by art or religion. To write about fashions, travels, books, is a trade which any intelligence can perform; judge an author rather by his manner of describing death and maternity and love, or by his courage to assail these commonplace subjects. After Racine the mass of contemporary literature seems tangential and petty. He takes our attention violently, and it is precisely the violence of his tragedies that makes them a moral spectacle.

The statement holds good for Webster or John Ford; there are more bonds than a common subject between "Phèdre" and "'Tis Pity She's a Whore." But the tragedies of Racine have another quality, foreign to the Jacobean drama. After a performance of "Phèdre," of "Athalie," even of "Andromaque," the impression which persists is one of absolute perfection. These verses you have heard can not be considered as more or less successful; they are right: in all this audience, in all this city there is nobody who could change them for the better. The action pleases you or displeases; you have no power to improve it; the characters have a life independent of your own. The tragedy as a whole is perfect, not in the sense of something excavated from a former civilization and pronounced more elegant than the *Venus de Milo*, but

perfect as a living organism to which nothing can be added and which any amputation leaves grotesque. It is the attainment of the classical ideal. There is no English translator, from Otway to John Masefield, who has not tried to improve on Racine.

V.

Since the beginning of our century, a return to classical standards has been agitated, but nobody has succeeded in explaining what these standards are. To define romanticism is considerably easier; it is a historical phenomenon which can be limited in time; by describing the characters of the era which began in England with the close of the eighteenth century, in Germany somewhat earlier and in France more exactly in 1830, one can arrive with sufficient precision at the meaning of the word. Classicism also is a historical phenomenon. However, it can not be confined to a single epoch; it belongs to the age of Pericles and that of Augustus; it is the atmosphere of the reigns of Anne and Ming Huang and Louis XIV: periods which differed widely one from another and still more widely from the fourth-hand classicism of to-day. When demanding classical standards, to which of these periods, or to which qualities of all the periods, do theoreticians refer? Are they not falling into a sentimental reverence for the past, a vague ecstasy which is the opposite of every classicism? Who comes nearest their ideal: Pope or Chaucer or the Greek odists?

It would be wiser to agree on Racine as the classical type. In this case classicism becomes possible of definition: it is an approach, through arbitrary conventions, to a form which is perfect and abstract. It remains intelligible at the same time, and human. It is concerned with people instead of with nature or the supernatural; it considers the moral rather than the picturesque value of their actions; it does not avoid their most rigorous ideas or their most violent emotions. It is a discipline and the spirit of discipline. Such an ideal is tenable in any age, to-day more than ever, for by following its principles one can create a literature which is fresh and unimitative, which is contemporary, and which avoids the excesses of contemporary sentiment. However, it is not the only ideal.

On the same evening that "Andromaque" was played at the Comédie Française there was a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Odéon, and no less than thirty cinemas in Paris were advertising Charlie Chaplin. Dignity grows tiresome. In spite of its claims of being total, the classical ideal is no more complete than the romantic; the very nature of it is to exclude and eliminate. A world grows up outside its barriers. Its conventions become laws; a generation is born which wears them as chains; they either strangle the theatre or else are broken away. As long as a nation retains its vitality, classical and romantic periods succeed each other. The desire for change is the most durable convention. Unquestionably the last age was romantic.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

ALLEGORY AND SUGGESTION.

POINTING a moral in a work of literature, and especially in a poem, has gone out of fashion. There are a good many reasons for this; one of them being that a "moral" dilutes the æsthetic content of art; another, that many of the implied or stated morals, such as the morals of some of Dickens's books, refer to ephemeral conditions and become meaningless to a later age.

In its most obvious form, the lesson is set forth by an allegory or a fable. A story or a poem has a double

meaning: the superficial plot and the underlying application of the plot to ideas or conduct. Here we find the beginning of a principle which, so it seems to me, regulates the creation of all works of art, no matter what the medium or the superficial criteria of the age. I am at a loss to name it exactly, but the term "double significance" will serve as well as any. If allegory is its crudest form, at least we find in allegory a hint of the next development of this twofold language—symbolism. The Fox and the Grapes are symbols of frustrate ambition and the maligned object of ambition. In Spenser's "Faerie Queene," the spiritual forces and the personalities of the sixteenth century engage in a masque of politics, theology and morals. The artistic language has become complex; a spade is no longer a spade only, it is a spade enriched by a background of all its possibilities, buried treasure, graves, gardens. When these suggested meanings of a word become more important than the literal meaning of the word, we have passed out of allegory into symbolism. The test of a fable, as literature, is whether or not it survives as a good story without reference to its moral; the test of a symbolic work is whether or not it survives as general truth without reference to the story.

Of the two, fables have the slighter chance of survival. I suppose few modern readers can spend an afternoon with La Fontaine without tedium. A more subtle balancing of values, as in the satires of Swift, on the other hand, almost ensures immortality, and not that sort of mummified immortality which depends on the unanimous consent of the histories of literature. "Gulliver's Travels" is still unalloyed romance to the children of the world, and still marvellously penetrating commentary on human affairs to older readers. In the same manner, there is something a little wearisome in the patent "morals" attached to Victorian poems, even though those morals are ushered in without the trick of allegory; whereas we take a certain delight in formulating for ourselves secondary meanings that are implied rather than stated. In Bryant's "Waterfowl," or Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," the pictures are reinforced by a single stanza which transforms the poems into parables. The attempt at subtlety, which generally fails, consists in writing as fine verse as possible, and then, as if in after-thought, seizing the opportunity to point out the lesson to be derived from the subject.

An improvement on this method is the more modern fashion of letting the application go unexpressed. It is still there, but not stated. A much-overworked device for securing this effect is to interpret nature, hostilely or sympathetically, in terms of the mood of the artist.

I lingered by the haunted ground
That once had known her tread.
From hill and forest not a sound,
And all the leaves were shed.

We have come some distance from pure allegory and personification, yet they are there just under the surface: "Autumn and Sorrow met upon a hill." For the highest development of double significance, we must go much farther, following a hint from the symbolic method. If certain characters and events can be made to stand for universal emotions or ideas, why should we not employ, in like manner, the super-meanings which at least half of our common words are capable of invoking? Thus we arrive at the final stage of our artistic career; a stage which is not, I insist, wholly detached from the earlier devices of allegory and personification. The double language now becomes as delicate as possible, depending for its effect on the scope of reaction to be stimulated by overtones or suggestion. The method carries two dangers with it: the overuse of an already allegorical

word, such as "rose," which is too hackneyed to stimulate any reaction whatsoever; and the sudden drop into an absolutely flat word, such as "hot-water faucet," which is hopelessly literal, and breaks the continuity of the suggested significance. A great artist, of course, can bend any word to his will by combining it with other words which counterbalance its weakness or lift it by main force up to the high level of art. But there are very few great artists, and it is not safe to follow them over the thin ice on which they delight to skate, for they have wings concealed under their cloaks.

I should say that the heart of the matter is the skilful employment of this double-toned idiom, irrespective of any other consideration of style or convention. That the words must be musical stands to reason as one of the first principles of technique. That they must have over them this faint haze of super-meaning stands as the first principle of all literature in any language or any time. For a perfect instance, take

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of Ladies dead and lovely Knights.

The repetition of the syllables "beauty," the alliteration of the fourth line—these show the master of technique. But such words as "time," "chronicle," "knights," perfectly placed, with overtones perfectly blent, convey the emotion and excitement that leave us in no doubt as to whether or not we have just read great poetry. What is the literal meaning? A poet has been reading old books. Beyond and above that statement is the intricate pattern of all romance and all chivalry, a peopled haze for a background to the poet's individual passion. We have gone far, as far as possible, from the obvious double language of a Bunyan, but it is still there in its final transformation.

Any attempt to abandon double significance and return to the single-mindedness of the dictionary, under the mistaken idea that we are thereby achieving simplicity, is fatal to literature. Wordsworth's theories pointed toward such an abandonment; and although, luckily for him, his practice was not faithful to his theories, his poems are very likely to suffer a sudden drop into bathos which is as disconcerting as those drops through "holes in the air" that shatter the nerves of passengers in an aeroplane. Simplicity can not be achieved by running counter to the instincts of humanity. We think double. To-day is always accompanied by yesterday or to-morrow. There is not a moral law, or a landscape, or an idea which can be detached from some other thought that binds it, like an umbilical cord, to the great nourishing body of Life itself. The double significance of all great writing, then, is as essential to realism as to works of the imagination.

Pure didacticism has long been one of the foes of the twofold speech of literature; and though it is now out of fashion, its cause will, no doubt, be urged again not unpersuasively. Indeed, it has at least one out-spoken defender now. The other day I read an essay called "The Poets and Nature," one of the strangest pieces of writing that I have ever encountered. Its thesis, if one may assign a thesis to such a wild medley, was that the poets have lamentably failed in their one chance of justifying their existence. They have not written any great poems to prevent the destruction of birds and beasts by hunters. Let me add hastily that I abhor, as heartily as does the author of this extraordinary article, the men who indulge a miserable and degenerate instinct for torturing the little brothers of the forest. But how, in the name of Apollo, are the poets to blame?

Because, reiterates our author, they have not roused us against the hunters. The boldness of this plea for pure didacticism makes Plato's exile of the poets as idle fellows seem almost enlightened, and Aristotle's catharsis a highly subtle formula. It is significant to note, in this case, that the reformer's favourite poet is Lucretius; a good choice, certainly, except for the justifiable suspicion that he chooses Lucretius not for the occasional spots of high inspiration, but for the waste spaces of metaphysical reasoning. What this man wants is a return beyond allegory into the single language of the textbook, or the ten commandments. A single suggestive line, such as Shakespeare's "Why let the stricken deer go weep," will do more for his really admirable cause than ten volumes of epic denunciation. Yet with all this, parts of his complaint are telling enough. He condemns such abuses of the suggestive method as vagueness and abstraction. But like most men reacting from a disgust, he goes all the way back—and doubtless many would go with him—to the beginning of things; in this case, the rhymed moral.

Curiously enough, the critic who admires poetry for the moral's sake is on a par, intellectually, with the critic who admires poetry for the image's sake. The Imagists, their cousins and their nephews, suffered the same disgust as the man who denounced hunting. Poetry, they found, was in the hands of a few withered rhymsters who turned out nothing but—to use their own verbiage—clichés. The rose-nightingale-posy school wore on their nerves, and they bolted; all the way back through the various developments of the double language to the single language again, the exact word. The principle, as formulated in the original manifesto of the school, is to abandon the abstract phrase, the simile, and all that might blur the outline of the image that is to be reproduced on the mind of the reader; sharp contours, hard surfaces, direct phrasing. Now, the utmost one could accomplish by following this scheme would be a verbal photograph of the object under consideration; a photograph, furthermore, in a vacuum, without background or relation to any universal emotion or idea. Such a work would be valueless. As in the case of didacticism, the double significance has been abandoned for the single; nothing must blur the contour of the clear image. A solitary fragment of sensation has been disentangled from the skein of life itself and set apart to be looked at. But to what end? Detached so, the object has no power to stimulate any reaction whatsoever. It is just as stark as the unadorned moral in rhyme, as uninspired as the "Essay on Man." Indeed, there is no more delight to be extracted from one of these images than from the metred platitudes of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox. They are at opposite poles, but equidistant from the core of poetry.

Such emphasis on a single detail must always bring about confusion in any field of human activity. Consider the innumerable religious controversies that rage round the interpretation of one small phrase; the creeds that have arisen from a word. A little matter thus distended draws out the vitality of all related matters in its morbid growth, in religion, in the arts, and in the sciences. The healthy mind—and the creative mind is the healthiest of all—unconsciously works with a twofold vision: the object to be created and the relation of that object to the universal idiom of human experience. Any deliberate attempt to wrench the two apart, whether it be the pedantry of Pope or the pedantry of the modernists, falsifies both life and art in a single gesture. The flatly realistic novel, the incoherent fantasy, photograph and nightmare alike, may in some cases attain to the interest of an artist's notebook, but they are unworthy of seri-

ous consideration as works of art. For the words that are lamps to our eyes and trumpets to our ears are not born of the dictionary alone, but of that distant country where dwell all the thoughts and desires of those who have preceded us.

ROBERT HILLYER.

AN UP-STATE ANTHOLOGY.

IV.

WHEN I first made the acquaintance of Miss Hattie Wentworth, it seemed to me that she was distinguished from her neighbours, all reticent enough, by a strange and special quality of reserve. It was not that she refused to talk about herself. That, within limits, she was more than usually ready to do. She had come upon business of a most intimate nature, and by way of approaching the subject, she told me that she had not lived always in the village. As a girl, she had gone away to study, and somehow or other she had even managed to put in a few months abroad. Elocution had been the centre of her interest, and after those years of preparation, she had taught for several years more in a young ladies' school in New York ("one of the very best schools"), and now she was beginning again.

There she sat in an odd-shaped linen skirt and a prim shirtwaist, with her grey hair neatly pompadoured and topped off by a diminutive straw hat. A schoolmistress of twenty years ago, her costume, her very personality might have been stored away for those two decades which she now passed over so lightly. It was plain enough that there was a gap in this story of hers.

Yes, she was beginning again. She had arranged to give an evening's entertainment at the boarding-house half-a-mile down the road—some things from Shakespeare, Tennyson and Longfellow. The tickets would be twenty-five cents. "For myself," she said. "Not a benefit for anything." And thereupon she moved ahead to the next house and the next potential buyer of her wares.

Ten days later, with the entertainment still in prospect, she came again to see me. The proprietor of the boarding-house had decided that he could not allow her to use his dining-room, and she was warning my neighbours not to take the trouble to walk down the road. But probably none of them would have come anyhow. She had already given an evening's programme at a near-by village and had collected only nine dollars, with four dollars and a half out for the hall. Somebody was working against her, she thought.

Since that day, I have seen Miss Hattie Wentworth just once, as she alighted from the train and started off through the dusk toward home. The station-master saw her too, and our talk turned naturally to her entertainments. "She isn't as good as she used to be," he said. "I guess she hasn't got over those twenty years. They had to put her away for twenty years, and she hasn't got over it, but I guess she can find her way home."

Hattie Wentworth had five miles of country road ahead of her, and it was already growing dark. G. T. R.

THE WIVES OF KING SOLOMON.

VII. TO THE DRUNKARD HIS WINE.

It was the tenth day of his flight before Absalom, his son, that King David, with all his household and those from amongst his subjects who had followed him, came weary and worn to the city of Bahurim, in the shadow of a mountain, and there remained to rest. And in the clear moonlit night, when all lay in deep slumber, Solomon sat on a high cliff, alone with his thoughts that were not joyful. The day had been oppressive, a day of insults and humiliations. As they had been nearing Bahurim, a man had come out toward them, Simai, son of Gero, of the house of Saul. And he had cursed David, and had thrown

dust upon him, and cast stones. But David had borne it in patience as if God had visited it upon him, and had forbidden the punishment of this dead dog.

Most cruelly had Solomon suffered. Madly his anger had stormed within him. Not only would he have punished the malefactor, he would have destroyed all Bahurim for harbouring such an outcast. It had aroused his fury, had taken from him the desire for food, and had robbed him of sleep. And as he was sitting on the lonely height like a watchman keeping guard over the sleeping people, and thinking his grave, uneasy thoughts, he descried a figure that was approaching his camp from Bahurim. Soon he recognized it to be a hurrying woman, and springing from the rock, he advanced to meet her.

A young girl was she, who looked enchanting in the pallid light that the moon shed upon her. When she beheld him coming nigh, she arrested her steps and moved as if to turn back. But Solomon already stood before her and asked, "Who are you and what is your lonely errand at this thieving hour of night?"

"Are you from amongst David's people?" she trembly asked him. She had the restless eyes of a gazelle.

"One of David's people am I. Alas that I am even one of his sons!"

"And I am the daughter of his enemy, and I have fled from the house of my father because he has insulted David the King."

"The daughter of Simai?"

"Even the daughter of Simai. But wherefore did you say that, alas, for you, you are one of the sons of the King?"

With anguish in his voice, Solomon groaned rather than spoke: "What then shall I say after I have witnessed the indignities heaped upon the King? They are my insults also, since I am his son, but I can not avenge them."

"Are you perhaps Solomon?" And as she uttered the words, it seemed to Solomon as if some one had eased his heart of its grief and had driven from him his anger. Full of curiosity and much flattered, he said, "It is true that I am Solomon, but tell me what you know of Solomon."

And sweetly she murmured, "The fame of your wisdom has reached even to us in Bahurim." Then it was that Solomon perceived that the daughter of Simai was fair, as she stood before him bathed in the soft beams of the moon. And he stooped to her and gazed longingly into her restless eyes: "And has it perchance reached to you in Bahurim how I can kiss lovely young maidens?"

Bashfully the daughter of Simai replied, "It may be that more than one daughter of Bahurim has yearned for your kisses." And Solomon embraced her and pressed his lips upon her languishing mouth.

And Avia, Solomon's first wife, said to them on the morrow, "God sends to the drunkard his wine, and who is a more insatiate drunkard than man athirst for woman? Has this weary road of exile yet more wives for you, my husband?"

And Solomon smiled and said, "They will not long shun your presence."

DAVID PINSKI.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Anna K. Pinski.)

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BOKHARA AND THE NEW REGIME.

SIRS: Ever since Europe got ahead of Asia in the art or science of war, the younger continent has been steadily despoiling the older of many of the characteristic features of its life. It has sent foreign soldiers and administrators to break down the Asiatic systems of government, oil-

and mining-prospectors to exploit the natural riches of the conquered countries, missionaries to convince the heathen that their gods are false. Tons of cheap Western machine-made goods have destroyed handicraft-production in India and other colonial lands; and the disappearance of the handicraft-system marks a profound change in the normal economic life of the Oriental village.

Bokhara is one outpost of primitive Orientalism that has been little touched by the tides of Western invasion. No oil has ever been discovered there. The most enterprising clothing-salesman would find it difficult to persuade the average Bokharan to discard his traditional hand-woven robes and sandals and brightly embroidered cap in favour of an Occidental costume. The missionaries are busily engaged, along with the Standard Oil Company, in trying to Christianize and Americanize the neighbouring country of Persia, but they seem to have left Bokhara alone. The city shows Russian influences to the extent of a few signs, one or two automobiles, and a red flag flying over the headquarters of the Russian mission. Otherwise there is little to suggest that any change has taken place since Jenghiz Khan laid siege to Bokhara in the thirteenth century. The city is surrounded by an old wall, built out of sun-baked clay. All the houses are Oriental; long, low, rambling buildings with windows facing not on the street, but on an inner court, so that the women may never see the face of a strange man. The bazaar looks much as it must have looked when Bokhara and Samarkand lay along the great caravan-route between China and Europe. Brightly coloured rugs, woven by hand in Bokharan and Persian villages and in Kirghiz tents, are exposed for sale, together with robes and caps and shawls. Besides these one finds caracul, the rich Bokharan wool, delicately flavoured green tea from China, luscious grapes and melons from the surrounding country. In some of the booths fresh lamb, held on a spit, is fried on the spot. Pure gold, necessary for long trips in the wilder regions of Asia, is hawked about in the bazaar. Tailors and shoemakers, weavers and blacksmiths, handicraft-workers of all kinds carry on their trades in public view. In the whole animated scene of the huge bazaar it is only the presence of a few manufactured goods that suggests the presence of a post-medieval, non-Asiatic element.

Bokhara's water-system dates back to distant antiquity. When Alexander the Great came to this part of Asia in the fourth century before Christ, he found the irrigation-system which is the basis of the desert country's life. There is no river near Bokhara, and the city's supply of water is brought in ditches from Samarkand, and conserved in round pools which are found all over the city. The green stagnant water is distributed through the city by water-carriers, who carry it about in pigskins. Medical men insist that this water breeds the guinea-worm, a parasite that gets under the skin and inflicts the most acute suffering; but the native Bokharan listens to these warnings with sceptical and fatalistic indifference, and continues to drink the water.

When one goes into the Bokharan villages, the last trace of modern and European influence vanishes. In the more remote villages, the people flee at the mere sight of a stranger. In the more accessible villages, one usually finds several old men, including the mullah, or Mohammedan priest, sitting around the well. The women are secluded in the houses; most of the men are at work in the fields, scratching the soil with the same kind of sharpened stick that must have been used when ploughing was first invented. The mullah is usually the only man in the village who can read and write; the old Ameer tolerated only religious schools, and banished or executed those of his subjects who spoke in favour of general education. The

Soviet Government that succeeded him is trying to spread education; but it suffers under the double handicap of its own poverty and the hostility of the masses of the population to anything that suggests a breach with old customs. Only sixty-six schools have been established in the whole country, and most of these are concentrated in the larger towns.

The revolution that overthrew the Ameer in the summer of 1920 was organized and successfully carried through by the exiled Bokharan progressive intellectuals, who received help in arms and troops from Russia. So far it has scarcely made a skin-deep impression on the daily lives of the people. The nazirs, as the ministers of the new Government are called, keep their wives veiled and practise the orthodox rites of the Mohammedan religion. The importation of the Russian revolutionary phraseology into a primitive Asiatic country like Bokhara sometimes led to amusing results. So the term *revkom*, the Russian abbreviation for revolutionary committee, came into general use. Government by a committee, however, was not a conceivable idea to the ordinary Bokharan mind, and so the term *revkom* came to be applied to the individual revolutionary leaders. A prominent leader would even receive the title "Khan Revkom," which might be literally translated as "Your Highness Revolutionary Committee."

The life of the average Bokharan is bounded by two concepts, family and religion. Perhaps it would be more accurate to combine the two concepts into one; for religion, powerfully re-inforced by tradition, dominates the Bokharans in their family life, as it does in all their other relations.

This fanatical Mohammedanism has been further strengthened by centuries of almost complete isolation. The discovery of America and of the sea-route to Asia dealt a fatal blow to the flourishing mediæval Islamic culture of Bokhara and Samarkand. When the great caravans no longer travelled along this difficult and dangerous route between Europe and the Far East, the population of Central Asia, left to itself, tended more and more to vegetate under a thick, hard crust of inherited custom and mechanical religion. The coming of the Russians in the latter part of the nineteenth century introduced a European element into Samarkand, but Bokhara was left under the rule of its own Ameer.

The new Bokharan Government has reason to know the danger of tampering with the old customs of the country. Filled with enthusiasm for the ideas of the Russian Revolution, the Westernized progressives who overthrew the Ameer attempted to go forward at a pace that the majority of the Bokharan people could not and would not follow. The famous theological schools of Bokhara were closed; some of the land belonging to the mullahs was expropriated; efforts were made to introduce a purely secular system of education. All these measures furnished fuel to the discontented elements which rallied around the standard of the deposed Ameer. A fierce guerrilla-war broke out in the mountainous districts of Eastern Bokhara, and fighting on a small scale is still going on, although the backbone of the revolt was broken in 1922. The Government, recognizing the danger of inflaming the religious passions of the people, modified its policy. Some of the theological schools have been reopened, and the Government schools now give instruction in the Mohammedan sacred books. The Basmach movement, as the revolt is called, received a good deal of help from Afghanistan, and quantities of British rifles have been captured from the insurgents; a fact upon which Russian officials like to dwell in discussing Lord Curzon's charges of Soviet propaganda in India.

In order to appreciate the intensity of the Bokharan's religious feeling, one must witness one of the great

Mohammedan festivals, such as the Shachsay-Vachsay, which was held here yesterday. This festival commemorates the killing of Ali, the oldest son of Mohammed, and is celebrated only by the Shiah Mohammedans, who are found mostly in Persia and deviate from the orthodox Sunnites in various points of doctrine and practice. The Uzbegs, who form the majority of the Bokharan population, are Sunnites, but there is a colony of Tadjiks in the city, who came originally from Persia and who follow the Shiah rites. The first part of the service passed off quietly enough. The worshippers, mostly merchants from the bazaar in their long, rich robes, sat cross-legged in the spacious courtyard of the mosque, and listened attentively to readings from the Koran. In the intervals of the service, tea was passed around and rosewater was sprinkled over the hands of the faithful. Then a reader arose and, in a shrill, penetrating voice, began to chant the sorrows and sufferings of Ali. The effect was striking. The audience was moved to the expression of the most poignant emotion. Cries of lamentation burst out from all parts of the courtyard. Many of the worshippers beat their heads and breasts. The recital of the struggles of the Arab prophet who had died more than a thousand years ago took on the form of an intensely real and personal drama. In many places the celebration of the Shachsay-Vachsay leads to the wildest outbursts of fanaticism. Not content with beating themselves, the more fanatical worshippers gash themselves deeply with knives, and the festival sometimes even leads to deaths. In this case, however, the mullah exerted a moderating influence. One can readily imagine the tremendous influence which these religious festivals exert upon the minds of a people who live without any of the Western stimulants of the imagination, books and newspapers, drama and pictures.

Bokhara will hardly remain indefinitely as it is to-day. The wireless station that has been set up on the lofty Tower of Death (the minaret from which criminals were formerly thrown down) is symbolical of the changes which the closer contact with Russia will bring. Still, both the city and the people present a tough and obstinate front against Westernizing tendencies. For many years it may be expected that Bokhara will remain an undiluted and admirably preserved bit of Old Asia. I am, etc.,
Bokhara.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

THE THEATRE.

MARY WIGMAN.

ARCHITECTURE has been called frozen music; it may also be called petrified dance. For like architecture, dancing in one of its aspects creates designs in space: the former an unchangeable, static design; the latter a dynamic one, by free and ever-changing movements. The eye glides along the lines of an edifice, lines planned by the architect; the cause of this movement of the eye is to be found in the principle that lies at the bottom of the significant designs created by the dancer in the formless unsignificant space. Thus, conversely, dancing may be called animated architecture.

Whether it is a church, a theatre or a dwelling, the space designed by the architect always serves some practical purpose which determines its size and its style. The soaring columns and mystic gloom of Gothic churches, for instance, symbolize their transcendental character; the splendour of the Florentine palaces conveys the impression of princely opulence; the cosy comfort of Dutch interiors radiates simple solidity. The dancer, on the contrary, impelled by his need of self-expression, delineates space untram-

meled by considerations of utility; he practises, in its purest form, the art of creating designs in space.

But dancing is not only architecture; it is also music; for music derives its origin from the rhythm of the moving body. The rhythmical shout of oarsmen and sailors; the sound of the drum that marks the marchers' steps; the stamping, thumping or clapping that beat the rhythm of religious dances, are the most primitive forms of music. The songs that speed work and grace dancing are its next development. Music emancipated itself from the art that gave it birth, and has been leading an independent existence for a long while; now it is a source of inspiration to its parent art. In fact music, which once was nothing but the tonal expression of bodily movements, is to-day being re-translated into bodily movements. The profusion and refinement of melody and the variety of rhythm, as musical means of self-expression, appear to have opened up undreamt-of possibilities for the art of dancing.

I say "appear" advisedly, for the direction in which dancing has developed during the last generation proves that the art is doomed to lose itself in a blind alley. Miss Isadora Duncan, greeted with joyful acclaim by the susceptible crowd, was the beginning and the end of the "renaissance of the dance from the spirit of music." Her presumable intention was to free the art from the trammels of the ossified "classical" ballet. Yet ten years after the appearance of Miss Duncan, the Imperial Russian ballet, which had developed this obsolete art to its highest perfection, held Berlin, Paris and London spellbound. But the enthusiasm was short-lived. Miss Duncan's successors, those advocates of boundless individualism in the exploitation of musical masterpieces for the benefit of the art of dancing, were reduced to "interpreting," in half-empty halls, compositions of Chopin, Beethoven and Bach, to an ever-decreasing number of the faithful. The more seriously they took their task, the more tragic their error appeared. Hellerau contributed his share to the misapprehension of the true nature of the art. In his wonderful school of rhythmic gymnastics, the free translation of music into bodily movements is one of the subjects taught to advanced students; a dangerous discipline, likely to breed in immature minds a harmful confidence in their creative powers.

Richard Strauss once offered to reproduce a foaming glass of beer in tones. It is not likely that the interpretation of a tonal glass of beer would have puzzled the musical dancers. Their translations of musical compositions into dances are paralleled by the musical representation of the models furnished by nature; a tendency which is called in music impressionism, and which substitutes external stimuli in the place of inspiration, which in turn is the true and only source of art. It must be admitted, however, that musical expression, particularly the art of harmonic and instrumental coloration, have been greatly benefited by impressionism; it would be unjust to underrate the importance of the technical advance in dancing that is due to the same cause.

Mary Wigman has restored to the art of dancing its freedom and dignity. The revival of the dance out of the spirit of the dance is her work. Music does not generate movement; it owes its existence to it. Miss Wigman's first experiments had, therefore, to be made without musical accompaniment; for musical literature does not furnish the exact combination of tones that befits the melody of her motions. Some of those who witnessed her first performance were

strangely moved; others beheld with visible disapproval the silent dance, which, because it was incomprehensible to most people, soon found admirers and imitators, in whose hands it degenerated into a kind of sanatory gymnastics. Yet the peculiar music, inherent in the motions of the dancer, needs an audible expression. The primeval process to which music owes its origin repeats itself, must repeat itself, because its nature demands it. The most primitive instruments, like the kettle-drum, the gong, castanets, and, perhaps, *martellato* tones of the piano, must suffice at first. Later it will be the business of professional musicians to extract the music that is in Mary Wigman's dances and give it an appropriate form; then we shall have a music born of the spirit of the dance.

Just as musical rhythm is the tonal correlative of the motional rhythm, the development and the carrying out of musical motives are analogous to the development and carrying out of the motional motives which compose the logical structure of a dance. It is possible to carry the analogy still further. The solo-dance corresponds in music to the monody; the group-dance to the polyphonic music of the choir or orchestra; polyphony, homophony, dynamics, agogics, instrumentation, and orchestral colouring—each of these has its counterpart in the group-dance. Has the musical form also such a counterpart?

The most beautiful and most perfect example of such a "musical" structure of a dance is furnished by Mary Wigman in the first of her "Four Sketches for a Dance Drama," named "Wanderung." This sketch is a true pattern of the form called in music the "tripartite song-form." Let me give a description of the sketch as it is performed by Mary Wigman's troupe of dancers.

Out of the background of the stage walk groups of dancers, who advance, behind and beside each other, in broken lines, to the foreground. All of them move in quaternate rhythm; they execute three slow steps forward, and fall back one step upon the fourth beat. The rhythmical sounds of four gongs of different pitch give musical expression to this dance-motive. Starting with one group, the scene grows by the lengthening of the lines and the continued accession of other groups; precisely as the *crescendo* of the orchestra is produced by the increase of tone by single players and the falling in of additional instruments. Again, the scene decreases by the dispersion of the groups into ever-thinning lines, and by the gradual cessation of all movement in the foreground; a sinking down of all the dancers in a dead calm marks the close of the first part. Now one of the dancers rises slowly, his arms ecstatically raised, and with gradually increasing speed crosses the stage. Others follow, until at last all are in the grip of a wild frenzy; and again the scene ends, after a gradual decrease of movement, in total calm. The roll of the gong, starting *pianissimo*, increases in concord with the rising tide of the dance to a *fortissimo*; then, gradually diminishing, ends finally in silence. One by one the dancers now leave their motionless groups, executing the same step-motive, and walk in extended single-file arcs toward the back-stage. Only a large and forceful mind can have the inspiration for a dance of such simple grandeur, and the courage for its consistent execution.

The three other sketches of the drama are of a structure similar to that of the first. But their dance-motives and their polyphonic, or rather polymorphic structure, makes them far more complicated; their analysis would, indeed, lead us too far. Their names,

intended to indicate their subjects, are "Circle" and "Triangle." "Away with thoughts of the material world!" these names seem to say; "free self-expression in movements is our aim!" This plainly shows the vast difference between Mary Wigman's dance and the dance-pantomime, which latter, a substitute for the drama and greatly favoured by decadent ages, attained its highest perfection in the times of the Roman Empire, and must, in the end, succumb to the blight of the still more inferior movie-drama.

The chief object of the pantomime is to represent human relations and passions, which may be done as well, or even better, by means of words; the motions of the body merely serving to emphasize them. In the dance, properly so-called, the dancers' relations are purely spatial; their human attributes are, for the time being, eliminated. The pantomimist, in order to express love, for instance, places his hands upon his heart, or extends his arms longingly, his languishing gaze turned upward, his mouth puckered to a kiss, and embellishes this mimicry by executing dance-steps. The creative dancer does not follow this form of art. Just as the composer expresses the essence of love by his music, so does the creative dancer represent love by a melody of motions, which he invents and then develops according to the rules of his art, without representing the palpable marks of the concrete subject of his portrayal.

Attempts to see in Miss Wigman's dance-drama stories or fables are useless, and are inspired by a total misapprehension of the nature of the new art of dancing. The misapprehension may perhaps be due to the name "dance-drama," which undoubtedly does suggest concrete events. It may, therefore, be advisable to devise a name for the new art, one more in accord with its nature. Music offers no help in this difficulty. The names symphony, concerto, sonata, suite, inform us merely of the partitive structure of the composition; the names *allegro*, *andante*, *presto*, etc., only of the *tempo*; the names prelude, rondo, of the form.

In the course of a few weeks Mary Wigman gave, in Berlin alone, eight repetitions of the same programme; an unprecedented success, due not only to the new idea, but also to its admirable execution. For the first time since the appearance of the Russian troupe there was seen a company of dancers, with bodies thoroughly trained according to a uniform principle. Mary Wigman does not force her dancers and pupils into parts assigned to them regardless of their individuality; rather she turns them to the special uses for which their individual gifts best fit them. The composer assigns his tones, motives, phrases and melodies to the several instruments of the orchestra, according to their character, and according to the suitability of the instrumental timbre to express that character. Mary Wigman orchestrates her ideas similarly. The vivacious Gret Palucca, the ablest and most variously gifted of her female dancers; the prettily coquettish Yvonne Georgi; or the dreamy Berthe Bartholomé, are so many instruments of her orchestra, naturally fitted for certain parts. The day of the trained manikins, with their conventional movements and fixed smiles, is past. As for Mary Wigman herself, she is swallowed up by the ensemble, or dominates it in company with a few of the best performers, as the occasion may require, but she never monopolizes attention. Rigidly observing the principles of her art, carefully balancing motions, lines and colours, the several groups unite in producing an harmonious whole.

HEINZ PRINGSHEIM.
(Translated by Joseph Dick.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

MR. LINDSAY'S POEMS.

SIRS: Mr. John Gould Fletcher's notice of the publication of Mr. Vachel Lindsay's "Collected Poems," in the *Freeman* of 12 September, seems to me harshly unjust and personal. I think that Mr. Fletcher's explanation of Mr. Lindsay's recognition abroad is spun exceedingly fine from a facile and reckless judgment, and that it is hitting below the belt to say that Mr. Lindsay's popularity at home, such as it is, is due to his having traded on his personality.

"It is obvious that the European critic, and even the European reader, yearns to think of the American as a creature still unsophisticated, still belonging to the wilds, and unteachable," Mr. Fletcher writes in his attempt to explain away Mr. Lindsay's foreign reputation. "To regard Americans in this light satisfies the European's obstinate romantic yearnings for escape, and provides him in turn with a pretext for forgetting all about the two or three thousand years of hell of which he is the product." Does the European need to distort the facts of the case in order to think of the American as a creature still unsophisticated, still belonging to the wilds, and unteachable? Do not the barbaric yawn and the Chautauquan note still most authentically express the genius of our young civilization? It may well appear to the European mind that the world-weariness of the American critics and artists who have divorced themselves from the life of the people, not the exuberant optimism of Mr. Lindsay, is a kind of romantic make-believe. Two or three thousand years of hell may justify and dignify the disillusion of the Old World, but an attitude of despair in a civilization that is just coming of age may be regarded as one of the affectations of an adolescence that will soon be outgrown. What Mr. Fletcher sees as "the European's obstinate romantic yearnings for escape" is perhaps simply a well-tempered hope that the vigour and optimism of America, as expressed in Mr. Lindsay's poems, may well mature one of these days into a new and robust culture with roots nourished in the native soil.

It is too often inferred that American optimism is a quality that had better be left to the Rotarians and Christian Scientists; that it must be bred out of our native artists before they can accomplish anything worth while. But it is not only among the Philistines that high hopes of American destinies have been entertained. Whitman and Emerson certainly were not crippled by their belief in a great future for America, by their tendency to emphasize the inherent best in American civilization. Their affirmations came, to be sure, after they had reckoned the worst with the best. But is it fair to pronounce, in an off-hand judgment, that Mr. Lindsay's homely optimism has not made its reckoning in the same fashion and found a genuine surplus?

Is not Mr. Fletcher going rather too far when he infers that Mr. Lindsay has catered to vulgar applause from the lecture-platform because he itches for an easy fame? It may be doubted that one in a hundred of the people to whom he has read his poems has divined the inspiration from which they have been written, or the full purport of the intuitions about America that they contain. A snobbish fear of being classed with the Chautauquan audiences that applaud Mr. Lindsay as a nine days wonder, keeps the most sophisticated American critics from sharing the European estimate of Mr. Lindsay as "almost the one American poet worth considering." To paraphrase a rather acid critic of a previous generation, there is a prevailing belief among those who mistake their own individual impotence for the incapacity of a whole people, that nothing good can come out of America. Many show their faith by their conduct. I am, etc.,

Edgartown, Massachusetts. EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

BOOKS.

THE MODERNS.

"REALISM," as I said in a previous article in the *Freeman*, "is life described from the point of view of the ideal spectator, while the modern method is life revealed from the point of view of some insignificant

person involved in it." For convenience I will venture to describe the realist as the ideal spectator, and the modern writer of the left wing as the *assistant*; using *assistant* in the French or rare English sense. It might be asked: Does the left-wing writer never take the point of view of the spectator? He does, but not the point of view of the *ideal* spectator; when, at rare moments, he puts himself into the rôle of spectator, it is in that of the nonchalant spectator; a rôle which was Fielding's contribution to literature. Indeed, a very enlightening comparison might be made between Fielding and our most modern writers of narrative. They may all have little in common with each other, but all of them—even Marcel Proust—have something in common with Fielding. A very good case could be made for Mr. Joyce's affinities with Fielding; there is even the detail of the unconquerable desire of each to express himself in parody. Joyce, however, in his art as shown in "Ulysses," is never the spectator, ideal or nonchalant; he is always the *assistant*, and his form is perfectly logical from beginning to end: when he has to give the reader certain objective and realistic facts about his characters, he appends a sort of catechism to his book, where he coldly and scientifically presents the information: "What, the enclosures of reticence removed, were their respective parentages?" The answer is presented as if it were transcribed by the registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. I say this in spite of the few passages of objective description that will be remembered by the careful readers of the book.

On close examination many writers who, superficially, appear to be in the vanguard, are seen to be merely writers whose imagination drives them, as a last resort, in the effort for originality, towards eccentricity. In this country, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, whose work I am not now considering, is really the most modern and radical of narrative-writers, although even he is not as advanced as many European writers of the same tendency. Writing luridly about sex has for a long time, in certain circles, been considered as being sufficient to bring a writer into the most advanced fold. But in reality a good deal of these contemporary luridities on sex spring from an attitude of mind similar to that which produced the luridities on patriotism during the war. Both have their origin in a lack of culture and a sort of top-heavy prejudice in favour of untrammelled and ignorant passion. The whole problem of the production of art and literature has been enormously complicated in our day by the sudden inrush of an audience of the newly-literate; people who demand that literature give them either platitudinous revelations of ancient moralities, or that love be represented to them as a hundred-per-cent sex-affair and war as a hundred-per-cent patriotic affair.

There lie before me for review books by three writers commonly regarded as of the vanguard of the left wing—Waldo Frank, Virginia Woolf, and Gertrude Stein. Mr. Frank has been what is called very radical in his treatment of sex; but, much as he has experimented in form, he has neither the mental equipment nor the temperament of the writers who of necessity belong to the left wing. He is, in fact, sometimes rather more old-fashioned than many of the writers who follow the normal trend, because he has so much the attitude of mind of the spectator. The very best of his short stories are those in which his method approaches most closely to that of accepted realism. His prose style, oddly enough, is very like the style of Carlyle in his "French Revolution," although he has not that powerful grip on the language which makes

Carlyle always thrilling. Mr. Frank is too often merely eccentric; he too often appears to believe, with Gertrude Stein, that words have a form and shape apart from their significance in a sentence. Carlyle's style was a wonderful one for orating and preaching about the characters connected with the French Revolution; Mr. Frank used this style successfully in his book "Our America," and he uses it sometimes with equal effect in preaching and orating about the characters in his short stories.

"City Block,"¹ which is actually Mr. Frank's best book, illuminates a small section of American life with great intensity. Mr. Frank studies a group of people in a slum-like block of a great city, and no one can say that the result is not impressive. He has many of the ear-marks of the genuine artist; but he lacks one essential quality—he has no perception of the humorous in life; and this, with a too-frequent lack of grip on his material, is his real defect. When he has this grip, as in the two stories called "Under the Dome," and in the story called "Candles," he can achieve memorable results: then, too, his occasional flashing insight into life—one of those "thrusts beyond the reach of conscious art"—shows us that we are in the presence of a real writer who has far higher powers than he has yet made use of. The people of his books are often such sensual and animal creatures that they arouse in us a feeling of disgust. In the story called "Murder," he has made motherhood and a passion for motherhood so sub-human that the woman Sophie becomes a tortured creature of a not very high order of animal life. Indeed, his women are fearful animal-egoists in their minds and emotions. Mr. Frank has that sensuality of mind and intellect which is sometimes a characteristic of the Jew when loosened from his racial moorings; an accidental quality, probably, like that of the maudlin sentimentality of the transplanted Celt. For although they had plenty of sensuality of emotion, sensuality of mind or intellect was not a quality of those hard and splendid old Semites who put the Bible together. Mr. Frank has, however, that most characteristic of all Jewish qualities, the warm, kindly humanity that makes old Semitic literature the most human of all sacred books. The Jews were not a sanctimonious people given to a wholesale condemnation of sin; they excused much if the sinner had a good heart. Mr. Frank has the Biblical quality of making sinners seem rather enriched in spirit for having lived a lawless life, like Mary Magdalen or the Prodigal Son, as if their vices came out of some resplendent generosity of temperament.

Mr. Frank's Carlylian style is too often gaudy and unsubtle; so unsubtle that, at times, it seems as if he intended it to be written in letters of smoke a mile high on the sky, rather than in the pages of a book. The effects he attempts to produce might not be so distressing in French, where a little gaudiness is often delightful. But English is yet a long way from the dry clarity of the French, and can not stand too much of what might be called "make-up."

I am inclined to believe that one of the real calamities that have befallen Mr. Frank in this vale of tears is the book written about him by Mr. Gorham Munson.² The book is of the solemn kind that ought to be suppressed by publisher, author and subject, for their own good. The attempt to shove Mr. Frank into the rank of the most-distinguished living writers

when he has not, in fact, been writing long enough to discover what is in himself, and when he is just beginning to learn his trade, is indeed a very sad business. Mr. Frank and Mr. Munson take themselves far too seriously.

Despite the solemnity and seriousness of Mr. Frank, he is not really so profound a writer as the whimsical and nimble-witted Virginia Woolf, who, in her book "Jacob's Room,"³ shows herself to be possessed of one of the most entertaining minds among contemporary writers—witty, subtle and ironic. One of the advantages of bringing into literature a richly cultivated mind like Mrs. Woolf's is that she can be interesting even at those moments when, like Homer, she sometimes nods. She might be described as a conservative member of the left wing, and she has managed to combine very adroitly the method of the *assistant* with that of the nonchalant spectator; like Fielding, she scatters profound and witty little essays through her novel. She has such a complete grip on her material and on the language that, although she is very original, she is never eccentric. While attempting to narrow her locale to a single room, she manages to give us Jacob's life from the time when, as a tiny boy, he adventurously discovers a sheep's head in the sand on the seashore, to his death in the war. It is odd that none of our young men autobiographers has ever been able, with anything like her magic, to get into his work the wonder of being a young man with other young men—of reading the Elizabethans and of shouting Greek poetry from a hill-top over the sea. She has come to grips with the modern method, and moulded it to suit her own temperament. A don's luncheon at Cambridge, a dance, are presented by her with a succinct actuality that gives one a little of the impression that a luncheon or a dance has never really been presented in literature before. She does not describe them at all; she reveals them in the modern method that I spoke of in a recent article. Then, take the manner in which the war is suggested: Jacob's mother, waking at night, hears a strange sound, "like the sound of nocturnal women beating great carpets." It is the sound of the guns. Jacob's end in the war is conveyed to us in a chapter about a page long, in which Jacob's friend and his mother are together in his room, fumbling through his possessions. It seems somehow to represent the end of all young men who died in the war; and the writer manages to convey incidents, places, life itself, people, with the paraphernalia of realism laid aside.

With all its excellencies, one is conscious of certain disappointments in the work of Virginia Woolf. She has a little too much of the sleekness of the minor artist, whose learning and culture are a little more than his natural genius can assimilate. She makes her hero, Jacob, notice that the backs of the Greek statues were rough, and that the steps of the Greek temples were irregular, but she does not think of applying Jacob's discovery to her own art.

If Mrs. Woolf has the English language in her blood, and that sort of mastery of it that a virtuoso has over a musical instrument, Miss Gertrude Stein, the third member of this modern group, has no such ability. She not only gets completely lost in the mazes of the English language, but she gets completely lost in her ideas of what language is for. There has been, within the last couple of decades, a tendency on the part of one or two writers to believe that words have form and colour, and can be combined independently of the idea they are intended to convey. Miss Stein

¹ "City Block." Waldo Frank. Published by the author. Darien, Conn. \$7.00.

² "Waldo Frank: a Study." Gorham B. Munson. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.

³ "Jacob's Room." Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.

appears to be one of them; she thinks one can express some beauty or significance in rows of words arranged regardless of their accepted meaning. This is an extraordinary form of egotism, and perhaps a state of mind that had better be disentangled by a psychoanalyst than by a literary critic. To think that a book filled with sentences of the order of "a tight laundry that is piecemeal is in the best astounding" is worth doing, is to have a preposterous idea of one's own importance. If this gives Miss Stein pleasure, it gives too little pleasure and has too little meaning for other people to warrant Miss Stein in doing it to any great extent. "Geography and Plays"¹ may, for all I know, have some relation to the science of neurology; I am perfectly certain that it has none to literature.

There are lots of strange things that one could do with one's mind, if one had the egotism of the lunatic who thinks he is the Emperor Napoleon, and that, therefore, anything that occurs to him is great military strategy. Moreover, there are many hangers-on of the arts at present who think that anything which comes into their minds is heaven-descended inspiration, and that they must rush to transfer it to paint and canvas or give it shape in words and sentences. One hears that Miss Stein's early work was really of literary value, and the interesting expression of an interesting mind. That does not absolve her for this book. After all, art has its boundaries beyond which no artist can pass. Inside the boundaries he is sovereign. Is not Goethe's "bounded without, boundless within" the best motto for an artist?

MARY M. COLUM.

THE PROFESSOR: MODERN STYLE.

PROFESSOR STUART PETRE BRODIE MAIS, M.A., Oxon., is a phenomenon that may cause the English to revise their very conservative conception of the function of the professor in relation to contemporary literature. He is the William Lyon Phelps of England, the herald of a new era in British academic criticism. He not only praises best-sellers; he writes them. Having catered professionally to the needs of candidates for Matriculation and Army examinations, Mr. Mais turned his attention to current literature and, as his several novels testify, he discovered how it was done. At the same time he was so charmed by his adventures in realms where professors are never seen publicly that he collected into volumes his various book-reviews, of which no less than three tomes exist: "From Shakespeare to O. Henry," "Books and Their Writers" and "Why We Should Read." The latest of such books is "Some Modern Authors";² but Mr. Mais assures us that these are not reviews written under the exigencies of space and circumstance. "This book," he says, "is no collection of criticisms that have appeared in a newspaper. It is a holiday that I have thoroughly earned. I am master of my own space. I need exercise no news-sense. I do not have to think in inches. I can use my own judgment. I write as I like."

It might be indelicate to point out what a sad commentary some of these phrases are upon those three works which have so far justified their existence as to get published—until recently a most difficult feat in a country where criticism of contemporaries is looked upon askance, and rarely sells in book-form. Mr. Mais is one of those whose efforts with scissors and paste are rewarded by the continued confidence of his publisher. Yet he tells us he is no critic; he implies that, hitherto, he has

not used his own judgment, has not written what he liked, and has submitted to the dictation of space and timeliness. Evidently, the qualities which are expected of a successful writer of critical essays are not those which enable us still to turn to Sainte-Beuve with pleasure and to read Georg Brandes with the conviction that the great lineage has not yet died out.

Mr. Mais is so up to the minute that his publishers, in preparing the jacket for this edition, thought it perfectly safe to list all the authors in demand at the circulating libraries as being the subjects of the critic's breathless meditations. Consequently, while Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company promise us H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, A. A. Milne and Margot Asquith, none of these appears in the table of contents, which includes, however, almost every other name that is mentioned in current conversation. Not that these lacunae are serious, for Mr. Mais has nothing whatever to say about his authors, except that he likes them. Usually, that is to say; for in the case of Blasco Ibáñez he withholds the admiration which he has elsewhere expended upon what he termed "the genius" of Compton Mackenzie, thereby proving, I suppose, that if he were not using his own judgment and on a holiday, he might have given to the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" what was meant for "Sinister Street." On the whole, I confess, I have failed to discover wherein this collection of essays differs from its predecessors. The chapters are of approximately the same length, they deal with the same people, more or less, and indicate nothing beyond the fact that Mr. Mais has an astounding faculty of enthusiasm which had better be placed at the service of those editors who like their reviewers to like what the public likes. It is a pity to waste so genuine and so marketable a talent upon one's private pleasure. Even the chapter on Ibáñez, the war now being over, was quite suitable for ordinary consumption. The redoubtable Spaniard is now in that Nirvana of best-selling, with Marie Corelli, Gene Stratton-Porter and Harold Bell Wright, where there are few reviewers so poor as to do them reverence or in any way interfere with their sales.

In the author of "The Advance of the American Short Story,"¹ on the other hand, we have a guide such as Mr. Mais would, apparently, like to be, coupled with sound historical perspective and a thoroughly enlightened attitude towards the development of American literature. Mr. O'Brien is not the purely destructive iconoclast denounced so often by the professors who comment upon modern American tendencies. He aptly describes the change that has come over American literature, irritating the Nordic blonds of criticism, when he says:

Before 1892, American literature was practically homogeneous. It was all of one piece and woven into rough serviceable cloth. It may be characterized briefly as provincial English literature, embodying the aspirations as well as the complacencies of the Anglo-Saxon pioneer. . . . Its finest achievements under happier conditions would have been Foe and Melville, and it is these two men to whom the artist to-day finds that he instinctively turns.

I admit that the writer of these words confesses to the sinister name of O'Brien which, according to the theory of dolichocephalic democracy, expounded by Mr. Stuart Sherman and his colleagues, for ever bars him from the privilege of interpreting the literature of this country, contributing to it, or in any way speaking on behalf of American culture. At the same time, the statement is sound common sense; it expresses an idea which will have to become a commonplace of American criticism before the latter can participate in the growth of a genuinely national literature in this country. It is well that it should appear

¹ "Geography and Plays." Gertrude Stein. Boston: Four Seas Co. \$3.50.

² "Some Modern Authors." S. P. B. Mais. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50.

¹ "The Advance of the American Short Story." Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.00.

in a work like this, which is obviously designed for popular consumption and very adequately fulfils that purpose.

The author surveys the field of the short story in America from Washington Irving to Mr. Waldo Frank; and in a small compass he covers a huge subject, rescuing from oblivion names that deserve to be preserved, and maintaining an attitude of becoming calm in the presence of such idols as O. Henry. To realize how useful Mr. O'Brien's book can be, one has only to compare it with the existing works in which his subject is included, all written from the colonial standpoint. Here, on the contrary, the student will read:

The hope and pride of this literature would be its demonstration of the possibility that all the varying and hitherto separate racial traditions of other continents could borrow from each other their richest and noblest memories and experiences, and fuse them into a common eclectic culture purged of national weaknesses and compact of international strength. . . . The question, therefore, which can not and will not be banished is, whether the Anglo-Saxon American is to share in such an ideal task, or to wreck it in his passion to remain provincial.

The issue is fairly stated, and the apparently unanimously negative reply of the guardians of academic tradition need not, and does not, disturb us, for the creative process goes on while the mandarins protest. But in due course, as usual, they will be confronted with accomplished facts and submit as blindly as they once resisted. It is not without its significance that Mr. Mais, who once knew only of O. Henry as representing something indigenous in American literature, now refers to Messrs. Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, Joseph Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis. So far as I know, only one of these has been officially blessed by the high priests of Anglo-Saxondom. The others languish in the outer darkness amongst the brachycephalic aliens, whose "ancestral voices" are unfamiliar. Staunch Briton though he be, Mr. Mais was not rebuffed, and, as his interests show, he keeps his ear close to the literary ground. May we not conclude that heresy is once more at its old business of producing results?

ERNEST BOYD.

AN ARTIST'S COSMOGRAPHY.

BLANK amazement will probably be the first emotion of most artists and art-teachers to-day as they look through the pages of "The Gate Beautiful,"¹ the recently re-issued book on the "Principles and Methods of Vital Art-Education" by John Ward Stimson. Our period is, in general, so much under the domination of naturalistic ideas that this work, basing all forms of art on abstract principles of a religious and cosmological order, will come to many like "news from nowhere"; and, accordingly, it has the value of all things that lift us out of the ruts into which we are so ready to settle down in comfort. Whether the reader finally decides that he can pass through the Gate and follow the paths it opens to his appreciation or creation of art, is a secondary consideration; by far the more important one is that the author makes one consider certain phases of art-philosophy that have had great significance for one school and another from remote antiquity to the present day. One may even say that the importance of the book is that it presents what may be called a philosophy at a time when so much of our thinking on art is empirical and fragmentary.

A characteristic passage will show the tendency of the whole:

Art education must always commence with Spirit, even as

life commences with germ and continues on to material embodiment of the germ ideal.

It should never be mere mimicry of the shell of Nature, nor blind borrowing of technical processes only. Nor does it commence with 'technical process' and end off with Spirit. Feathers do not grow birds, but birds grow their own appropriate feathers. There is no good technique without good spirit first, for the special spirit of an art-work must suggest its own technique and treatment. . . . There can be no appropriate 'style' [in the national art we are to evolve] till we first generate the thought or the feeling we are to express.

The fine idealism of such a passage may well lead one to look farther into this book, undismayed by its reproductions from works devoid of aesthetic value, such as the picture of Beethoven dreaming his symphonies (which appear as smoky figures in the background), or the "Repose in Egypt" by the feebly academic Luc Olivier Merson. The homely aptness of the analogy of the birds and their feathers, typical of the author's shrewd observation in innumerable instances, will compensate for the overburdening of his text with quotations ranging from Quintilian and other ancients—largely Biblical—to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a verse of whose poetry supplies the title, "Unseen Hands," for one of the chapters.

The outstanding idea of the whole work is that of the harmony which underlies every aspect of the universe, whether it be a snow-crystal, a constellation or a vase; a leaf or a pyramid; the forms of the lowest animals and even of minerals, or those of the most advanced types of humanity. The author traces the necessary connexion of all these with the representations man has made of them in art and with all the design and ornament he has evolved from their lines and colours, and from the forces which animate everything alike. With astounding industry, in chart after chart of drawings—well over a thousand in the total of their units—Mr. Stimson illustrates the application of his idea to every conceivable aspect of nature and to the art-products of every race and period. He goes beyond this into the realm of cosmic forces; the appropriate words from the Scriptures coming to hand in swarms to give validity to the various concepts. Thus, in the chapter on "Spirit-Constructional," one finds a partial list of twenty-two instances of the mystic significance of the number three in the Old and New Testaments. Even here, however, where at moments it seems to be a new religion that he is meditating (as, in other passages, he looks to a new order of society), it is, after all, the theory of art that he is discussing; and the art-student of to-day (or yesterday), with his "paint-what-you-see" philosophy or lack of philosophy, who finds such excursions into the meaning of numbers quite too fantastic, may be reminded that the group which still contains some of the most advanced "modernists" gave an important exhibition, eleven years ago, under the title "La Section d'Or." "The Golden Section" of the Cubists was based on an idea taken from the Greeks—the division of a unit into thirds; and after such a double corroboration of the importance of numbers in art-principles, the modern reader may be less distrustful of the evangelistic sound of a chapter-heading like "The Lily's Growth." No reader of the latter, indeed, can fail to be impressed by the depth of its ideas; those of the organic quality of growth to be noted in flowers as in the best works of art, and of the structure of geometrical forms hidden under the apparent spontaneity and the loveliness of both.

It is as theory that the book must be considered if one would follow it with sympathy and profit. When one notices the artists whom the author turns to as exemplifying his ideas (except, of course, the Leonards and Raphaels, on whom no one can go wrong), one sees the book as the work of an American whose residence in Europe was not sufficient to acquaint him with the

¹ "The Gate Beautiful: Principles and Methods of Vital Art-Education." John Ward Stimson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. \$10.00.

things of value in his time—with the masters who were giving the world a genuine re-embodiment of the classic principles. Millet and Fantin-Latour seem to be his nearest approaches to any suspicion of the essential direction of nineteenth-century art; and even these men appeal to him through the literary aspect of their work rather than through such qualities of form and colour as their works possess. One can not help wondering if an acquaintance with Redon, for example, would not have given Mr. Stimson a notable contemporary example of the true relation between the classic, aesthetic qualities and the type of imagination he seeks; whether it would not have weaned him from his admiration for the Pre-Raphaelites. It is with the revolt against materialism, as understood by men almost completely innocent, as the Pre-Raphaelites were, of any genuine idea of the force residing in art, that the author ranges himself. Yet his own instinct and imagination, unsupported by a living tradition as they are, assert themselves in his theory, and perhaps even more in the one example of his painting which is reproduced in the book. Difficult as it is to form an opinion from a single and unsatisfactory half-tone, the picture suggests that not the least interesting phase of this book may be that it will bring back into contact with the public an American artist of very decided character who has all but disappeared from the scene.

WALTER PACH.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY"¹ does not come up to Mr. Lynd's earlier collection of essays: the style is there, with all its good temper and charm; but the tailors of Bond Street can not make the trimmest suit of clothes look well on a scarecrow; and there is not enough solid thought and observation in these essays to fill out the external garments. It is bad enough when the weekly journals embalm conversation which should have been brushed away with the crumbs at the lunch-table: but why should one give such ephemera the spurious permanence of a book? Mr. Lynd's "The Passion of Labour" and "Books and Authors" were admirable; but now, unfortunately, following Mr. Chesterton's habit of making trifles tremendous.

L. C. M.

"UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY"² is a testy polemic against Darwin: there is something in its tone which betrays, perhaps, that Samuel Butler's conscious memory rejoiced a little too maliciously at the notion that the grandson of Bishop Butler was repeating a quarrel with the grandson of Erasmus Darwin. While this book has perhaps less for the general reader than any other work of Butler's, and less for the student of biology than "Evolution: Old and New" and "Luck or Cunning?" the fact that it is reprinted shows that the main position which Butler took, as a disciple of Lamarck, is not merely holding its own, but gaining ground. Butler's philosophic vitalism, which caused him in "Unconscious Memory" to summon to his aid the doubtful testimony of von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious," has received a confirmation which amounts almost to proof in the work of Kammerer, and more particularly perhaps in that of Sir Jagadis Bose on the irritability of plants and metals. In other words, Butler travelled a road by the methods of common sense and intuition which others are now following by rigorous, experimental science. Thanks to Butler's mere lucidity in English, we need no longer confuse Kali, the destroyer, which is Natural Selection, with Siva, the creator—that is, Descent with Modification; and without denying the potency of the first deity in pruning away imperfect adaptations, we can now see that it is Siva who gives living creatures not merely variety, but an almost Gothic exuberance, by no means strictly utilitarian, of forms, colours and shapes.

L. C. M.

¹ "Solomon in All His Glory." Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

² "Unconscious Memory." Samuel Butler. With an Introduction by Professor Hartog. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.00.

THE volume which Mr. Squire calls "American Poems and Others"¹ is surely the worst he has ever written. There is remarkably little in it, and almost all of this is remarkably flat. Had it appeared as a first volume of verse it would hardly have made him a reputation; for there are scores of first volumes of which one never hears after their publication which yet contain a more genuinely poetic inspiration than this. The publication of the book can only be regarded as one of those mistakes which men of reputation and ability seem fated now and then to make. The poems show that Mr. Squire is becoming more and more pleased with ordinary things, and more and more satisfied to write about them in an ordinary way. His delight in homely properties, in the comfortable appurtenances of English suburban scenery, was once refreshing; but by this time phrases like "a perching bird of homely sort" and "The coast line of an English shire And in its midst a cosy spire" are in serious danger of irritating us. Things are really not so very homely and cosy since the war happened; and Mr. Squire is from all appearances perilously out of touch with the real facts of his time, living in a comfortable and slightly sentimental world which is dead, at least for this generation, or for what is alive in it. That was, of course, a fate that might very easily have happened to a kind of poetry so specialized as his. Great poetry no huge disconcerting event can make unreal or put out of season, for in great poetry the fundamental and not the surface moods of life are expressed; and vast changes of fortune do not confuse these moods, but only make them more clear. The most interesting, and the one disagreeable poem in the book is Mr. Squire's description of his visit to the stockyards in Chicago. It gives sensitively and powerfully a very horrible impression of that institution. But even for it one can find no very serious justification. Was it written to enforce a humanitarian lesson? To show that the author can be horrible when he likes? To draw attention to the hell of butchery over which we live? To make our flesh creep? One can not be sure; and in any case one remains at a loss to explain the publication of the remainder of the volume.

E. M.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE FREEMAN, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923.

STATE OF NEW YORK, { ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK, { ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared B. W. Huebsch, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the FREEMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, B. W. Huebsch, 116 W. 13th St., New York City.

Editors, Van Wyck Brooks, Harold Kellock, Suzanne Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Gerold Tanquary Robinson, 116 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, B. W. Huebsch, 116 W. 13th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) The Freeman Corporation, 116 W. 13th St., New York, N. Y.; S. W. Lyons, 116 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.; Frederick Hope, 116 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.; E. A. McMillan, 116 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

B. W. Huebsch, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1923.
Frances F. Leboyer (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1924).

¹ "American Poems and Others." J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

“Figures can not lie, but liars can figure.”

STATISTICS are oftener successful in showing up statisticians than in showing facts. Facts themselves (frequently employed to conceal the truth) may be less revealing than fancy, unless presented in good faith. But we worship the terms which stand for facts more earnestly than we do their connotations.

As an example, consider our confused use of “literacy,” “education” and “culture.” A man can read and write and figure, and we say he has had an “education.” Another may have added a study of Sanskrit to the commoner branches, he may have travelled and seen the Sistine Madonna, and we say he has “culture.” Somewhere in the backwoods, (or in a crowded city tenement-house) there may be one who is a stranger to the three R’s, who can not distinguish between Maud Muller and the Mad Mullah, but who can use his brain: this man baffles us, we can not place him. Our array of facts obscures values: our scheme classifies veneers and ignores the substance to which veneer is applied.

“Reading” is one of those false standards by which men and minds are so easily—and falsely—measured. How much does he read? we ask; not, What does he read? How does he read? What is the result of his reading? *School and Society* printed a quantitative study of reading, based on ten magazines with circulations ranging from over 700,000 to 2,000,000. Of these ten, only two or three have any other value than that of mere entertainment. It will be obvious to all who know the relative importance of the States that this test was inadequate if it was intended as a barometer of enlightenment, for Wisconsin stood thirty-second in the list.

The Madison *Capital-Times* comments sagely: “We feel that Wisconsin is to be congratulated on her ‘low’ rate in the above test. Reading in quantity too often becomes a dissipation instead of the mental spur to action that rightly directed reading is How do we compare with other States in the reading of such magazines as the *Monthly Labour Review*, the *Century*, the **FREEMAN** . . . ?”

It is unnecessary to quote more to prove that the old “Wisconsin idea” grew naturally out of a cultivated community. A wider acceptance of the Madison standard of culture would mean the **FREEMAN** in every American private and institutional library.

The **FREEMAN** aims to make this autumn its most successful season. Now, as always, it recognizes that its growth is dependent upon the enthusiasm of its present readers, hence it earnestly requests those readers to assist in enlarging their numbers. Subscribe for a friend, or get a friend to subscribe. To-day.

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